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THE HEARTH OF HOME.

BY R. E. S.

The world outside is gray and chill,
As slowly, softly falls the snow,
And in the pine-trees on the hill
The winds their minor music blow.

Within, the fire upon the hearth
Leaps up in red, fantastic gleams,
And makes in this best spot of earth
A rosy atmosphere of dreams.

And, listening to the wind's sad cry,
I think of wanderers as they roam,
And whisper as the storm sweeps by,
God bring them to the hearth of home.

The Love That Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER FATHER'S SIN," "A CAPITAL CHARGE," "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

IT WAS not until two days later that I permitted to repeat my visit. Then my invitation came direct from Mary herself. She had something particular to tell me, she said. Would I make it convenient to see her that afternoon?

When I entered the sitting-room she was sitting up in a large softly-cushioned arm-chair, eating some grapes which I had sent her earlier in the day. She appeared so much better that my thoughts at once flew to the continuance of the journey; and, as usual, I spoke upon the impulse of the moment.

"We shall soon have you well again," I remarked, "and able to get as far as New York. Well, what is this matter of which you want to speak? Don't tire yourself, for by-and-by I must ask you a question or two."

I had been rather blaming myself for not having questioned her before this about her voyage. Had she observed Miss Dean on board the Solway? It was a matter of great importance, and only the suddenness of the girl's illness had prevented me from entering upon it long ago. It had been in my mind even at the moment when she attracted my attention in the cars, and then immediately fainted.

"I don't get tired so quickly now, sir, thank you. It is about Miss Dean, the companion at Oldcourt; there is something which I think you ought to know."

Then she herself would introduce the subject. Could anything be better?

"Yes?" I said quietly, though my heart was beating fast from excitement. Was the mystery about to be explained?

"Did you know that she came on board the Solway, sir? Of course I was but a steerage passenger and she had taken a berth in the best part of the ship. But, just at first—before we started, I mean—and for the two or three hours afterwards, there was a good deal of confusion. We did not know our limits, and wandered all over the ship. It was thus that I noticed her arrive and go down into her cabin. She didn't see me though."

A pause ensued.

"And what became of her afterwards? Did you meet during the voyage?"

Mary shook her head and smiled.

"Oh, no! It would not have been likely anyhow; but as things were it was impossible. It is a strange story, and only by chance that I am able to tell it; for I can't say what made me stand and watch that cabin door for it to open again, unless it was the mere pleasure of seeing a face that I recognized. But that was how I discovered, an hour or so after the ship had left the dock, that Miss Dean was not old, or lame, or ugly after all. And then——"

The girl came to a full stop just at the climax of her tale. I could scarcely conceal my impatience.

"Yes? And then——"

Miss Smith looked straight into my face.

"Sir, you have suspected me of being a base criminal, capable of all sorts of sin; and perhaps you may therefore not be inclined to believe what I say. Yet it is true, for all that. When the door did open there came out one of the most beautiful ladies I have ever seen. She was dressed in a thick warm fur-lined cloak, which buttoned down to her feet, and a small hat with lots of feathers in it; she carried a little handbag and an umbrella with a silk case upon it. But it was in herself, in her hair, in her face that the chief difference lay."

"Go on," I said, as she paused. "I do believe you—every word"—at which assurance my companion perceptibly brightened.

"Thank you, sir," said Mary; "but it seems almost too hard for any one to credit who did not actually witness the change. I could scarcely trust my own eyes, and they say that seeing is believing all the world over! The hair was a beautiful gold, her teeth were perfect—and there was such a gap in front of Miss Dean's mouth! She had dark arched eyebrows that almost met each other. Then too the swelling in her cheek had disappeared, and with it her limp. The woman who quitted that cabin walked as well, sir, as you or I."

I nodded. By this time I was beginning to see through Miss Dean's arrangements. The narrative went on now just as I expected.

"She went straight up the stairs out upon the deck, and, though her dress actually brushed my face as I sat on one of the steps, she never so much as glanced at me. I myself was so startled that I took the trouble to go down and look whether there might have been two people in the cabin. But no—it was empty."

"She need scarcely have changed her dress, for of course the long stylish cloak would quite conceal the gown underneath it?" I suggested.

"Quite. The old bonnet too might have been crushed away into the hand-bag, and the dingy umbrella which she used to carry as a walking-stick have been put inside the silk case, unless both were left behind in the berth; I did not see them there however. But what puzzles me, sir, is to imagine how she got that large, heavy wrap, as well as the other things that she needed. She certainly did not bring them with her on board."

"I believe I know about that," I replied, recollecting the empty trunk found amongst Mr. Roland's baggage, and thinking what a clever deep plot the woman must have laid. "But tell me—did you see any more?"

Mary laughed.

"Why, am I not a girl, and therefore curious, sir?" she said. "Of course I did. By the time I reached the deck after visiting the cabin, matters had progressed a little. Miss Dean was surrounded by a group of gentlemen, amongst them the captain of the vessel, and was explaining, with tears in her eyes, the mistake she had made. She had come to see a friend off; and the vessel had left the quay before she had any idea that it was starting. How could she return? And then she sobbed as though her heart was breaking."

"Of course! And at last somebody suggested the pilot boat, at which notion my lady jumped, and, being forthwith comforted, was by-and-by set ashore by the gruff old pilot! All that I have already found out at Liverpool"—this in answer to my companion's astonished look. "What I could not discover there was some link between Miss Dean in her chrysalis state and this gay butterfly. You have supplied the clue."

"And given me much material for thought," I might have added; for the mystery seemed to be growing more unfathomable than ever. If Sir Auriol Rainton was the murderer, why all these tricks and contrivances on the part of Miss Dean? If Miss Dean had committed the crime, why such suspicious silence on the part of the Baronet as to his absence from his own chamber at six o'clock on the morning of the fatal Monday, as well as regarding his last interview with Miss Richardson? And, if both were innocent, how was it possible to reconcile Mary Smith's eagerness to return with me, a detective, to England with the idea of guilt? I confess that the affair puzzled me more than I cared to own even to myself.

"If Sir Auriol was the criminal, as you suspect, how do you account for his possession of the chloroform which you had purchased?"

I put the question suddenly, and noticed that the girl flushed.

"Yes, I purchased it," she said. "Miss Dean sent me for it on the Friday. She had had toothache for a week, she told me, and wanted plenty of the drug in order to give it a fair trial, as she had never used it before. But I was to say that it was for myself, as people were not so likely to supply it to a stranger."

"Quite so; so much I guessed. It was to Miss Dean that you gave it, then? But are you aware that the empty bottle was found in your bed-room?"

Tears rose to the girl's eyes—tears of angry indignation, I judged.

"How could he?" I heard her murmur softly. Then aloud she said, "Yes, I gave it to Miss Dean, sir, who put it upon the mantelpiece and, I suppose, forgot it. Perhaps her face was better by that time. But any way there the stuff remained until Sunday, for I remember taking up the bottle to dust underneath it. That is the whole truth, sir"—very earnestly. "As to who put the empty bottle in my room I can't say; but Sir Auriol might have done it just as well as anybody else."

This was a reasonable supposition enough. Recalling to mind the story which Brown, the Titford constable, had told me as to the Baronet's timidity about re-entering the house after the inquest, I wondered if this had been assumed for the purpose of misleading the police.

"By what door did you leave the Hall that Monday morning?" I said, after a few moments' silence.

"The back, of course, sir; I never thought of using any other. And I left that one wide open behind me, I remember, for fear that I might rouse the house if I closed it."

This was exactly what crazy Joe had asserted; and yet Miss Dean, Sir Auriol, and my friend the Titford constable had united in swearing that the back door was found bolted and barred on the inside just three hours after Mary Smith's departure. I could not see daylight!

It was an immense relief to me when, two days later, we had marching orders from the doctor.

At New York a fresh piece of news, in the form of a telegram from Scotland Yard, awaited me.

"Come back quick as possible. Oldcourt diamonds pledged in Amsterdam. Stones loose, and not recognized until bearer had disappeared."

"Whoever the thief was, there must have been desperate need of money somewhere," I thought. "No wonder that such efforts were made to open the secretaire! I expected to have to wait six months at least for this."

Not a single inquiry had been made about the luggage addressed to Mr. Rolands, the polite manager was eager to assure me, when I called upon him to ask the question, and to engage berths for the homeward voyage. But he trusted that my business was progressing satisfactorily.

To all the manager's well-meant fussiness I returned such civilities as I could command; which however I fear is not saying much. In truth I was by this time wearied with delay, and anxious beyond expression to come to the end of my journey. I ought not perhaps to have expected a letter; yet when I found no word from Easter awaiting me in New York, although I had given her an address and begged her to write a line which I might receive there should any unforeseen hindrance lengthen the time of my stay in America, I felt oppressed by some vague nameless fear.

Suppose that during my absence my darling had fallen ill? Suppose that she had realized my utter unworthiness? Suppose—— But no! I could not distrust her. In sickness or in health, for weal or for woe, my love was true. That was an article of faith upon which I would have staked my life.

And now the account of my quest, so far as it has gone, draws to a close. "Wind up your story when you are within sight of England again," was the direction that I received from the lips of my darling. And to-night, the last evening of the Old Year, while still the vessel rides proudly onward over the waves, carrying me whither my thoughts have so often flown—to England and to my love—I shall write my last word. One day more—two at most—and I shall place the manuscript, faulty as it is, in Easter's hands. Would that it were better worth her reading!

How the search for the Oldcourt murderer may end I, for one, dare not say yet. I could wish that I were able to chronicle the conclusion of the business; but that for the present is impossible; and Easter's lightest wish is my law. So here and now I lay down my pen and close the leaves.

CHAPTER XI.

"Into which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. Therefore, if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

The white-robed priest pauses at the last solemn words.

Before him are standing Easter, attired in bridal white, her face almost as colorless as the gown she wears, and Sir Auriol, debonair and handsome, with a tender smile upon his lips as he glances down at the trembling figure at his side.

For a moment, it may be, the girl's thoughts fly across the ocean to Norman, and she dreams of the man who once loved her with his newly-made wife. And for a moment perhaps half-forgotten sins rise up in black array to confront the Baronet on this his marriage morning. For a moment also does Mrs. Jaxon, radiantly lovely in her garments of cream and gold, turn pale and lower her eyes, as she thinks of the revelation that her tongue refuses to utter. Then the opportunity passes; no secret has been disclosed; the service may proceed.

It is over now almost before Easter realizes all that is happening. The ring is on her finger, the organ is pealed has

given the march to which so many thousands of blissful brides have listened, congratulations have been offered, kisses, true and false, loving and envious, given and returned, and at last the moment has come for the bride to leave the home of her girlhood and go forth into a world which looks strangely cold and cheerless to her to-day.

Charlie, who is the solitary bridesmaid, and Una have helped her to pull off the thick satin gown which Susan is spreading carefully upon the bed, and are now arranging with loving fingers the traveling-dress of brown plush and sable in which the girlish wife looks like a fragile lily.

"It is a lovely frock," Charlie declares, getting up from her knees, after putting a finishing touch to Easter's Oxford shoes; "but I wish we had chosen something a trifle less heavy, Una. She'll be as warm as toast, which is always a consolation! But that huge hat makes her dear little face seem quite pitifully small."

Easter smiles and glances listlessly into the glass.

"Does it? Oh, well, never mind—I shall do!" But the smile fades and is immediately followed by a sigh that is not good to hear.

Charlie stamps her foot in impatience.

"You might be going to a funeral by the way you groan!" she cries. "Look bright, child, do! Cheer up and be gay! When——"

But here the young lady's eloquence is suddenly checked by Easter's bursting into tears.

Lady Zillwood draws the weeping girl to her heart.

"Charlie, how can you talk so foolishly?" she exclaims angrily, while the unfortunate bridesmaid, who knows nothing of Norman Fergusson and his misdeeds, stares aghast. "There, leave her to me—she's tired, poor darling! Take Susan with you; it is time the servants had started. And send me up some tea for Easter; she's tasted nothing to-day, so small wonder that she's faint. You can tell inquiring friends that there's no hurry, and she'll be down by-and-by!"

Thereupon Charlie disappears with unexpected meekness, pondering many matters upon the way down-stairs.

Easter is sobbing still in Una's piting embrace.

"My poor sister!" Una says, while her own tears fall like rain. "My little pet!"

At last the weary heart-sick bride is soothed by her sister's sympathy; she raises her head, and tries to dry her still streaming eyes.

"Oh, how good you are!" she cries. "Why don't you remind me that it is all my own fault? You begged me not to do it; but I would! I never imagined how bad it would be until this moment. And now it is too late!" She shudders violently, drawing herself away from Una's hold. "Ah, I must go!" she moans. "There's some one at the door. Don't let them in yet, Una!"

Lady Zillwood herself takes in the tea-tray which the maid has brought, dismissing the girl with a word of thanks.

"See, darling, it is delightfully strong! It will do you good," she says, pouring out some of the hot tea for Easter. "And here are two notes for you upon the tray. What is inside, I wonder? Shall I open them?"

Easter nods, and accepts the cup that is held out.

"I think I do need something," she says, more cheerfully. "It's absurd to howl like this! See, Una, I'll be good. What have you got here?"

"Dear old dad! He did just the same to me before I left for my honeymoon. Look!"

It is merely a sheet of paper, with a few words written across it in Mr. Jaxon's hand.

"Put the money into your purse, my child. You will find it useful during your travels. Accept it with your father's love."

Within are ten five-pound notes.

"I remembered it did come in particularly handy one or twice when I wanted some coin," continues Una, full of reminiscences of her own wedding-day. "And it's so clever of him to send fivers and not one big affair for the whole fifty! The other is not addressed, Easter, but I suppose it is for you. Open it while I put these away, See! I've doubled these up and stuffed them into the corner of your traveling-bag. Do you—— Goodness, child, what's the matter now?"—as a gasp from her sister cuts her short.

Easter however does not even hear the question. Her eyes are fixed in a wide, unseeing stare upon two sheets of thin foreign paper, covered closely with a man's handwriting, and bearing the signature of Norman Fergusson. Looking over her sister's shoulder, Una can distinguish so much, and her face turns almost as pale as Easter's.

"Easter," she exclaims, gently touching the girl's shoulder—"Easter, don't look at it, dear! Give it to me. Who can have played you such a trick?"

But Easter only clutches the letter more firmly, and sinks into a chair.

"Hush! I must read it," is all she says. And read it she does, from the first loving word to the last, her heart growing heavier with every syllable, though as yet she comprehends so little. As she reaches the last page there is a rap at the door; then Lilith's voice calls—

"Easter, Easter, let me in! There is not a second to lose. Sir Auriol is nearly frantic, my dear"—and she enters without waiting for permission. "Are you ready?"

The bride rises to her feet with a dazed look on her face.

"Ready?" she repeats. "What for? I don't understand."

Lilith gives a cold, cruel laugh; to her, at least, there is no mystery anywhere. While Una regards her sister with eyes of alarm, Mrs. Jaxon gives the girl a little shake.

"Wake up, my dear, wake up!" she says. "Your husband is expecting you—your husband, Easter! Do you hear? Go to him!"

She passes her hand within her step-daughter's unresisting arm, and leads her down-stairs. In the hall are a gaily-dressed crowd; but Easter is conscious only of a tall figure waiting at the bottom of the staircase, and of a letter, crumpled up into a ball, which she is grasping in the hand that wears Sir Auriol's ring.

"Don't hinder them, good people!" laughs Lilith, as friends crowd round the husband and wife. "As it is, the horses must fly like the wind to catch the train. Adieu, Easter—adieu, Sir Auriol! Happiness be with you both!"

Easter's father has kissed her and placed her in the carriage. The Baronet is already seated beside her. One cheer from the spectators! Then, amidst a shower of rice and white-satin slippers, the pair are off on the first stage of their journey to Folkestone, whence to-morrow they will cross to the Continent.

"My precious wife!"

It is their earliest moment alone together since she has vowed to be his for life. Sir Auriol Rainton, whatever are his faults, loves her deeply and passionately, and as he utters the words, he puts his arms tenderly round her and kisses her lips, at which, with a moan and a shudder, Easter, Lady Rainton, faints away.

Sir Auriol lets down the window so that the keen air may blow in upon his wife's pale still face. He is not alarmed; he has heard of such things occurring before. As he sits there supporting Easter's motionless figure, he looks down upon her with a sigh. He knows that she does not love him yet; but love may grow after marriage, as well as or better than before. And did not Mrs. Jaxon assure him only last week that, cold as Easter seemed to him, she yet had never cared so much for any other man? Sir Auriol is content to wait.

Gradually the color comes back to the pretty lips, and then Easter gives a sigh and opens her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asks weakly. Then, her eyes meeting her husband's gaze, she tries to raise herself.

"You are quite safe, my love. Easter dearest, don't move! You don't want to escape from your husband's arm, do you?"—with half-laughing reproach.

Easter shrinks farther into the corner of the carriage away from him. That is her only answer.

"Poor little one," says Sir Auriol caressingly. "Don't be frightened, dear—see, we are coming to the station. Do you think you can sit up now?"

With a great effort Easter straightens herself. Recollection is returning to her, as she still holds the ball of crumpled paper in her ungloved fingers. With another sigh she passes her hand over her forehead, and puts her hat straight.

"I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble," she says gently. "Where are my gloves? I ought to put them on."

The search for the gloves causes a diversion. At last they are discovered in the pocket of the sable muff; and as Easter draws them out she carefully secretes Norman Fergusson's letter in a safe corner.

During all the journey to Folkestone, Sir Auriol leaves the girl to herself. That she is desperately shy and nervous he can see, and he will not thrust his attentions upon her. Were it not for Mrs. Jaxon's assurances, he might be growing puzzled. As it is, he consoles himself with hopes for the future, and resolves that he will be very patient and gentle, never guessing that all the time Easter is regarding that same future with dread and horror.

Gradually in the silence the bride clearly realizes all that has happened. She understands that her lover's letter was stolen on the night of the ball, and a forged note put into its place; she comprehends that she has been tricked into a marriage which her very soul abhors. But she makes also a great, a most unhappy mistake; she believes that her husband has been a party to the deception. Under this impression she lays her plans; and by the time that Folkestone station is reached Lady Rainton has decided how she will act.

"My lady is ill, sir. She fainted away almost as soon as she reached her room, and I cannot bring her round," says Susan, appearing, with a scared face, in the hotel sitting-room, where Sir Auriol, already dressed, is waiting for his wife to join him for dinner.

The maid, having gone to the station with the other servants and the luggage, knows nothing of the swoon in the carriage; but the Baronet remembers, and at this second attack is alarmed. He rises hastily, and follows the girl to his wife's apartment.

Easter, wrapped in a long soft dressing-gown, is stretched upon the couch, all her beautiful hair unbound and tossed upon the cushions. Her husband touches it with a caressing hand.

"Send for a doctor at once," he says. "I wonder if I ought to wire for Mrs. Jaxon?"

This however is a suggestion which Susan, wiser in her day and generation than her master, takes upon herself to negative.

"Indeed, sir, Mrs. Jaxon understands nothing of illness," the maid asserts. "I don't think my lady would care to see her here just now."

As Sir Auriol himself is by no means anxious to bring down upon them the infliction of Mrs. Jaxon's presence, the maid's answer settles the matter. The Baronet cannot forget that Lilith loves him and has been utterly repulsed, even though her kindness to Easter and himself during the last few days has seemed greater than it was before the momentous interview on the ice.

The whole episode might have perplexed him a good deal had he had time to think long about it; but he has allowed the hurry and bustle of his marriage to drive the subject from his thoughts, and to-day, as he recalls it, it seems only an additional reason for keeping his wife to himself.

Had he come to any other determination however, it would have been useless; for long since—only an hour or two after the departure of the bride—Lilith, having received a telegram from her invalid relative in Lancashire, declaring herself to be once more at death's door, has taken her departure from Rockleigh, leaving Lady Zillwood to play the hostess in her stead.

So far do Susan's simple remedies succeed that when Doctor Bee puts in an appearance at the hotel Easter is sitting up in an easy-chair drawn close to the fire; and, though her pulse is leaping and bounding, and her eyes are glistening with feverish excitement, the Doctor declares that there is no cause for alarm.

"I will send in a soothing draught," he says to the young husband, who has insisted on being present during the short interview Doctor Bee has had with his patient. "She had better go to bed at once. Then, if she sleeps undisturbed until morning, you need have no further anxiety."

"She is naturally highly nervous," the bridegroom explains.

And Doctor Bee nods with his head comprehensively.

"There is far too much excitement about our present-day weddings," he declares, with a smile. "Well, good bye, Sir Auriol, I will look in again about ten o'clock to-morrow; the tidal boat does not leave until noon. So far as I can see at present there is not likely to be any hindrance to your journey."

"Thanks. See you in the morning then!"

So the two men part, never again to clasp hands in this world, for when the next day dawns Sir Auriol Rainton lies dead and cold on his bed, poisoned by chloroform. And Easter, his one-day bride, has disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY ZILLWOOD!"

Una, while stepping from her carriage and entering the Castle, on the morning following Easter's wedding-day, starts and turns at hearing the sound of her own name. She is looking pale and weary, for the dance is but just over. Her thoughts too have all the time been full of the little sister who has gone so unwillingly to the new life that lies before her.

"Lady Zillwood!"

As he repeats the words, Norman Fergusson comes forward out of the shadow, his face haggard and colorless, yet stern.

"Norman!" the countess almost shrieks in her surprise; while Caryl exclaims—

"My dear fellow, who could have thought of seeing you? Where have you started up from, or is it only your ghost?"

As the Earl speaks, he draws his old friend into the large hall, where, by the light of a welcome fire the trio can see each other better. It is in the sorrowful countenance of the Countess that Norman reads his doom.

"Then it is true?" he says, quite calmly and slowly. "You have taken from me my little ewe-lamb, the one good thing I ever hoped to possess!"

Lord Zillwood however breaks hotly in upon his friend's reproaches.

"What do you mean?" he demands. "You don't want two wives, do you? And yet, after nearly breaking that poor child's heart, you have the audacity——"

The Earl is interrupted in his turn by Una, who has been all day in a state of semi-enlightenment, and who now is quick to notice Norman's perplexed expression.

"Caryl," she says solemnly, "I don't believe he is married at all."

"What?" Lord Zillwood exclaims. "Not married!" Then what did the letter mean?"

Una shakes her head, while Norman stands between her and her husband, mechanically warming his hands over the flames, but glancing from one earnest face to the other as the conversation continues. Gradually he gathers some idea of the truth.

"He never wrote it," Lady Zillwood declares. "Dear, I've had no chance to tell you; but, just as Easter was starting to-day, his letter—his real letter this time—was sent up in a blank envelope to her bed-room. I see it all now. Oh, my poor Easter! And how can we tell him?" She bursts into tears.

The two men face each other for a moment's silence; then Norman speaks.

"Let me hear all the story," he says hoarsely. "Anything is better than this awful suspense."

And so, while the gray morning slowly breaks, he learns the whole terrible tale, and see the downfall of every hope which has made life to him worth living.

"It was almost as soon as I landed that I read the announcement that her wedding was to take place at two o'clock on New Year's Day," he explains by-and-by. "It was then long past that hour; but I waited only to do some necessary business before rushing down here. I could not believe it! Yet to hear you contradict the report seemed every minute to become more essential. So I took the first train, never thinking of the appalling time at which I should arrive. And now——" His voice falters and breaks; he can say no more.

"But who can have done it?" Caryl says wonderingly. "Who cared about the matter enough to act in such a way? I cannot understand it."

"Who handled my letter after its delivery here?" the detective says abruptly. "From what you say, someone must have opened it and substituted a forgery for what I wrote, afterwards reclosing the envelope."

Una's white-fur wrap slips from her shoulders to the floor. The first ray of wintry light, finding its way in between the curtains, falls upon her gown of scarlet brocade, trimmed with heavy guipure lace. But she is too deep in thought to pay any heed.

"It was on the night of my ball that the letter arrived," she murmurs. "Yes; for I told Easter about it during 'The Lancers'—said she would find it lying on the table in my boudoir."

"And no one could have tampered with it during the evening, Una. For, if you recollect, Mrs. Jaxon happened to choose to rest in that room until supper-time," says the Earl.

Una starts.

"It is true!" she cries. "Then, Norman—don't ask me why, because I can't explain—but be very sure that, for some reason or other, Lilith did the mischief."

Lord Zillwood laughs.

"My darling wife," he says, "your fatigue is affecting your head! Go to bed! Indeed it is the best place for all of us."

Una does not move however, scarcel

seems to hear, in fact. Suddenly clasping her hands, she exclaims—

"Caryl don't joke. You do not know, everything that I do; but I'm going to tell you now. Lilith—it's horrid, detestable to have to say it of my father's wife, but I can't help that!—Lilith is in love with Auriol. This is her revenge."

The deep conviction of her tone carries weight. Her husband is grave enough now.

"What do you mean?" he says.

Then Una tells how, on the evening of the dance at the Castle—the evening on which Norman's letter arrived—she heard by accident Mrs. Jaxon's question, so coquettishly put to Sir Auriol, "Do you really care about it?" Saw too her step-mother's look, and caught the Baronet's reply. She tells also of other words and glances, unheeded at the moment, but which now recur to her.

"It is true—I am sure it is true!" she reiterates. "But what can one do?"

As she asks the question they are surprised by the sound of the door-bell, and immediately there is a second loud peal, while the visitor commences to knock upon the door.

"I cannot be seen in this plight," Lady Zillwood cries, hastily drawing her cloak about her and preparing to fly. "Who can be coming at such an hour? It isn't nine yet."

Before she has time to fly however her father enters the room, looking pale and scared, and with a telegram in his hand.

"Read it," he says, thrusting the paper into Caryl's hand. "I have come to know if you and Una will go with me to Folkestone at once. As you know, Lilith is away, and that poor child——"

"What is it?" screams Una, making a dash at the telegram which her husband is regarding with eyes of horror. "Oh, no further trouble, surely?"

This is what she reads!

"Sir Auriol Rainton has been poisoned, and is dead. My lady has disappeared."

"SUSAN DAKIN."

Una grasps the situation at once. She drops the telegraph message with a gesture of utter loathing, and holds out both hands to Norman Fergusson.

"Oh, thank Heaven you have come in time!" she cries. "You will not fail her now? If any one can save Easter it is you."

During the journey to Folkestone, Una explains to her father the relationship that has existed between Easter and Norman, and tries to convey to him what has divided the two lovers without the mention of Lilith's name.

The old man inquires, more in sorrow than in anger, why has he been left in ignorance, and Norman explains that he dared not come absolutely without means to ask for Easter's hand.

"Ah, if only things had happened differently!" he cries, and he proceeds to tell how, since his return to England, he has learned that, during his absence in America, the deaths of his uncle and his two young cousins, have put him in possession of the family and estates.

"It is a sad affair. They were all three, father and sons, drowned while yachting in the Mediterranean. My poor little cousins! Who would have thought that I should outlive them? I wish they had been spared!" he declares, in a voice from which the old gay ring has vanished.

"S'picious death o' Sir Horiel Rainton! Flight o' the' bride! Latest hedition!" the news-boys are crying, as the party leave the train and walk across the platform.

With a shudder Mr. Jaxon turns away. Little as they know as yet of details, one thing is all too clear, the timid, pretty girl whose life hitherto has been shielded from all danger, is adrift in the wide world, with a terrible stain upon her name. Norman however, his lips compressed as if with pain, flings a copper to one of the boys and takes a paper.

"It is better to find out the worst at once," he mutters to Lord Zillwood. "People say so many things that are not true!"

Nevertheless he, with all his experience of mistaken charges and righted wrongs, trembles from agitation and terror as he reads what the little local print says regarding the Baronet's tragic end.

"They have fixed the inquest for the morning," he tells the Earl. "Had you not better telegraph at once for your family lawyer? Easter will need all the aid that he or any one else can give."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE truth of Norman Fergusson's last remark becomes more and more apparent with every incident that follows; and by the time the inquest closes even those who love and trust the unhappy bride the most can scarcely wonder at the suspicions of the world at large.

Doctor Bee is the first important witness summoned.

"I was called," he says, "before eight o'clock yesterday, Wednesday, morning to Sir Auriol Rainton. When I reached the hotel I found his servant, James Dicks, and two or three other people in the Baronet's bed-room, trying to rouse him from what they supposed to be heavy sleep. I saw at once however that the gentleman was quite dead—had indeed been dead for hours."

"At what hour would you consider it probable that death took place?"

"Not later certainly than two o'clock in the morning."

"And are you able to state the cause of death?" the coroner asks.

"From the condition of the handkerchief shown to me, and which I was told had been found over Sir Auriol's face, I have no doubt that it was due to chloroform, applied in large quantities to his mouth and nostrils."

"You were, I believe, called in to see Lady Rainton the previous evening?"

"Yes. She had had a long fainting fit, I was informed. When I arrived however she was conscious, although in a state of intense nervous excitement. I ordered her a sleeping-draught and a perfectly quiet undisturbed night."

"Did that draught contain chloroform?"

"Certainly not"—with a smile. "But, in any case, that would have made no difference, for the bottle was shown to me unopened after Sir Auriol's death."

"Is it your opinion that the chloroform may have been self-administered—on account of toothache, for instance?"

The Doctor pauses as though for thought and then shakes his head.

"No sane man would use it in such a quantity for toothache," he answers. "Besides, I am firmly persuaded that the handkerchief must have been re-saturated, perhaps two or three times, to ensure death. The drug is so volatile and the cambric so thin that, had it been applied but once, it is probable, although not absolutely certain, that temporary unconsciousness only would have resulted."

"It would be well to have one matter quite clear," the coroner says, after a momentary pause. "Am I to understand that it was in consequence of your directions that Lady Rainton and her husband occupied separate room?"

"Yes," the Doctor replies.

Susan Dakin, Lady Rainton's maid, says, in answer to the coroner—

"Yes, sir, I undressed my lady at about half-past eight or nine o'clock—as soon as the Doctor had gone, in fact. The draught arrived just as she was drinking some strong coffee which I had ordered for her. I asked her not to have the coffee, as I feared it might keep her awake; but she insisted on my ringing for it. She told me to put the draught and a tumbler upon the little table near her side. It was there still when I went into the room the next morning."

Questioned as to where she supposed Lady Rainton had gone when she found her room empty, the girl blushes and hesitates, and asks the coroner if she must answer the question.

"Of course," says the coroner.

"Then, sir, I thought she'd gone home again. She hated so to leave home, and cried so in the morning, that I was not a bit surprised! My only fear was as to what Sir Auriol would think."

"Cried so in the morning?" repeats the coroner. "Explain, please."

Susan relates what took place in Easter's room on the morning of her marriage, and consequently the Countess of Zillwood is called for.

Una, pale and tearful, is already in the room, seated in a corner, as far as possible hidden from prying eyes. As her name is called she starts, glancing nervously up at her husband.

"Oh, Caryl, what am I to say?" she whispers. "Must it all come out now? That idiotic servant!"

Norman Fergusson catches the words.

"Lady Zillwood," he says, "may I advise? Tell the truth, without reserve. You, who know that Easter is innocent, should be anxious for every fact to come to light."

"Is it a fact your sister was unwilling to go away with her husband?" is the coroner's first question.

"She was naturally hightly nervous," Una answers.

"Pardon me, but, as I gather from the several witnesses, there was more reluctance than is usual in a bride. Are you aware of any reason for this?"

Una's heart is throbbing violently. It seems too cruel an ordeal to have to divulge all the secrets of Easter's torn and bleeding heart. But Norman, who understands, has advised her to tell the whole truth. With a great effort Una raises her head and replies—

"Sir Auriol Rainton was not the man whom my sister would most willingly have chosen for her husband."

"In fact she preferred some one else?"

The Countess shudders; it appears so fatal an admission to make.

"I believe so," she answers, in so low a tone that she has to repeat the words.

The Doctor, recalled at this point, is decided in his opinion that Lady Rainton was in her right mind when he saw her, though she was certainly excited and hysterical.

William Cross, the night-porter at the hotel, states that, at six o'clock in the morning, a lady came down-stairs, told him she was Lady Rainton and that she was going to bathe, and left the hotel.

After this the inquest is not greatly prolonged. The coroner makes a few remarks upon the apparent determination of the bride to remain awake, as shown by her desire for strong coffee and her neglect of the sleeping-draught, and upon her want of love for the bridegroom, as evidenced by the floods of tears mentioned by the maid; then he gives a few directions to the jury as to what the law does and does not require, and waits for their decision. He has not long to wait; without retiring for consultation, the jury return a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Lady Rainton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHINAMAN ABROAD.—Several grotesque pictures of European life, as seen through Chinese eyes, purporting to have been translated from the Chinese, have appeared in English in recent years, but a veritable narrative, rendered into English by Dr. Nedhurst and printed in Shanghai, at the Mission Press in 1849, gives an account of which the authenticity cannot be questioned. Ong-Tae-Hae traveled in the Malay Archipelago.

Regarding the Dutch there he says: "They are much like the man who stopped his ears while stealing a bell. They scarcely possess one of the five cardinal virtues. Their home is in the northwest corner of the ocean. They have high noses and red hair, white faces and gray eyes. They share the sovereignty of Europe with the English (Aug-mo, red-haired nation). The latter also dwell in the northwest corner of the ocean.

"As for the French, their dispositions are violent and boisterous; their country is poor and contains but few merchants, hence they seldom come to Batavia. When Europeans make an entertainment they set out a long table, at which scores of people sit down, which is called a feast or fosta, and when the stringed instruments play up, men and women stand opposite each other and dance, which is called dancing or tandak. When a young woman is marriageable she is allowed to select her own partner, who is called her lover or soo-ka. If they are fond of each other they dance together in order to settle the match." As to music, he quotes the Chinese proverb that "the music of foreign parts induces sorrowful feelings."

WOOD.—Wood was one of the earliest substances employed on which to inscribe names and record events. Stone, brass, lead and copper were also used at an early period; after which the leaves of trees. These were superseded by the outer bark of the tree, but this being too coarse, the inner bark came soon after to be used, that of the lime being preferred. This bark was called by the Romans liber, the Latin word for book, and these bark books, that they might be more conveniently carried about, were rolled up, and called volumen, hence our word volume. The skins of sheep, goats, and asses were the next materials used, and so nicely were they prepared that long narratives were inscribed on them with the greatest accuracy. Some of these were fifteen feet long, containing fifty and sixty skins, fastened together by thongs of the same material. The intestines of reptiles were also used, for it is a well-authenticated fact that the poems of Homer were written on intestines of serpents in letters of gold. The roll was one hundred and twenty feet long, and was deposited in the great library of Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in the sixth century.

FRENCH-SPEAKING CANADIANS embrace 29.4 per cent of the population of Canada.

Bric-a-Brac.

TITLE-PAGE.—It was not until 1470 that a title-page was introduced to books, and in England not till shortly before 1490, when W. de Machline issued one to his little book on the pestilence. Caxton never used them, but Wynkyn de Worde employed them in nearly all his books.

A WONDERFUL POTATO.—Wonderful things happen in Ireland as well as elsewhere, if the following can be vouched for, which is not likely. It is related that a gentleman in Ireland recently, on cutting open a potato at dinner, found in the centre a half sovereign, around which the vegetable had grown. Though discolored, it was in a good state of preservation, and is now a pretty ornament to a watch chain.

IN HOLLAND.—In the strange little country of Holland the three principal cities are Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague. These cities are a peculiar medley of canals and streets, trees and masts, bridges and boats. Amid their apparent disorder there is more or less of symmetry. Amsterdam is a semicircle, Rotterdam an equilateral triangle and The Hague a square. The difference between the three cities socially has been aptly put: "At Rotterdam, fortunes are made; at Amsterdam, they are consolidated; at The Hague, they are spent."

THE OPAL.—There are numbers of foolish people nowadays who will actually refuse the gift of an opal or sell any they may possess rather than be the owner of so dangerous a source of bad luck and dispelled affection. Yet the opal was the reverse of an inauspicious stone in ancient days. It was classed by Onomacritus among those that insure the efficacy of prayer. According to Berquem, it made its wearer lovable and conciliated affection, it rejoiced the heart, preserved from poison and infection, dissipated melancholy, and strengthened the sight. Could one, then, wish for anything better, either as a gift or possession?

HAS ITS TEETH IN ITS STOMACH.—There is a curious snake in South Africa that lives wholly upon birds' eggs. It has no teeth or signs of teeth in the mouth, the whole dental array being located in the stomach! Buckland says that they are not true teeth, but that they serve all the purposes. They grow from the centre of each vertebræ. They pass through the walls of the stomach and are covered with enamel, just like true teeth. This is nature's provision for breaking eggs without running the risk of losing the precious contents, as would be the case if this egg-eating serpent had its teeth in the proper place. When the egg is safe inside, the abdominal walls contract and crush it against the long row of vertebral teeth.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.—Among the numerous pretty traditions relating to flowers, may be mentioned the popular legend of the far-famed rose of Jericho, which is regarded with superstitious reverence in the East from the story of its having blossomed at the moment when our Lord was born, and continued to do so on each anniversary of this event. Hence, the flower has been credited with special properties, and in some parts of the Continent it is popularly designated the "Rose of the Madonna," and its presence generally considered of propitious influence when children were born. According to another variation of the same legend, the rose of Jericho has been called St. Mary's rose, because, when Joseph and Mary were taking their flight into Egypt, one of these flowers sprang up to mark every spot where they rested.

EXECUTION FOR CRIMINALS.—An ingenious inventor has devised an extremely dramatic mode of execution for criminals, which possesses the additional advantage of being painless. The machinery consists of a platform nine meters square, approached by five steps. In the centre of the platform is a chair for the condemned man. Behind it stands a figure of Justice, holding a pair of scales in her left hand, the scales being movable. Under the platform is placed an electric battery, from which wire passes through the legs of the chair into the seat and back, terminating in platinum plates. If the patient objects to seating himself in the chair, he is simply tied in. After the sentence has been read, the executioner takes a stick, breaks it, and places the pieces in one of the Justice's scales. This descends, puts the battery in motion, and—finis! Death is instantaneous and painless. The machine was tried on animals and pronounced a success.

LOVE'S WORST.

BY RITA.

The breeze through my window comes bringing,
  Dew-laden, the musk of the rose.
"Love Not" a late lob'ter is singing,
  As home in the moonlight he goes.
Once more I am young as I listen,
  The echo repeats the strain;
The stars in the bright sky glisten;
  My lost one is with me again!

She rings the same "Love Not," uplifting
  The light of her radiant eyes;
The voice of a seraph seems drifting—
  So softly she sings—from the skies.
I walk with an angel, unknowing;
  I whisper: "Life's worst I can brave."
Ah me! the June roses are blooming,
  And have been for years, on her grave.

The dream was but short, yet for ever
  Its bliss with my being is blent:
I've loved: that is living: whatever
  Shall come to me now, I'm content.
Storm-swept, ocean-tossed, thunder-riven,
  I stand up and face it unmoved.
Oh, better one glimpse of that heaven,
  Than ages, unloving, unloved.

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII—(CONTINUED.)

HER FACE twitched, and her eyes fell from his.

"You know all!" she faltered.

He nodded gravely.

"Yes. And I'll own up that I was mad. I came to the theatre last night to have a row with you. But that's all past, clean past. And after all you didn't do me any damage, Fin—not the damage you meant to do," he corrected himself as the thought of his coming marriage flashed across him. "It would have been all up a tree with me if a—a friend hadn't found the money at the last moment; but as it turned out we got the best of you and your friend, Mr. Ralph Duncombe."

She gazed at him with knitted brows.

"Mr. Ralph who? I never heard the name before. What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Never mind."

"Answer! Tell me!" she broke out. "Explain what you are driving at, or I shall go clean mad."

He bit his lip.

"Why don't you let it rest?" he said wearily. "I tell you I'm ready to forget it, that I've forgiven you. After all it was tit for tat, and only natural. And it was clever, too, in a way. Did you think of it yourself, Fin, or did this strange gentleman, this new friend of yours, hit upon the idea of buying up my debts and hunting me into a corner——"

He stopped, for with a tremendous effort she had raised herself.

"Stop!" she panted. "This—this is all new to me. I know nothing of it. It's not that I wanted to tell you about. Not that. I never bought your debts. I never heard this man's name before in my life. Ah"—for his face had gone white—"you believe me! It wasn't me who planned that."

"Not you? Then who?"

She fell back.

"Ah," she breathed, "I—I can guess. Oh, Yorke, this you have told me makes it all the harder for me. But I must tell you. It weighs on my heart like—like lead. Ever since I fell, all the while I've been lying here her face has haunted me. I see it waking and sleeping, all white and drawn, with the tears running down it as it was when I told her."

"Whose—whose face? Whose?" he said, a vague presentiment mingling with his amazement and confusion.

"The young lady's—Leslie Lisle's," she gasped.

He sprang to his feet, then sank into the chair again, and sat breathing hard for a moment.

She waited till she had regained strength, then hurried on.

"It was me who—who separated you, Yorke, wait, don't—don't speak. It—it was a chance that helped me. I'd followed you to that place, Portmaris, and I was caught by the tide, and she tried to save me, and we climbed the cliff, and when I fainted she found the locket with your portrait in my bosom. See," and she drew the locket out and held it to him.

He took it mechanically and uttered a cry—a terrible cry.

"I gave you this! It's false! You stole it! Oh, Fin, forgive me—forgive me, but I feel as if I were going mad!" and he covered his face with his hands.

She let her hand rest on his arm timidly.

"Hold on!" she panted. "Let me tell you all as it happened. The tangle's coming straight. There's—there's been some devil's work besides mine! She saw the portrait and—and recognized it. I told her that you'd given it to me—as you had——"

"No, no! I sent it to her the same day as I sent this thing to you."

She gazed at him perplexedly for a moment; then she laughed a mirthless laugh.

"My God!" she said, "I see! You put them in the wrong papers! and I thought you—you cared for me still; and—and I told her so. And she believed it!"

"You told her—she believed it!"

"Yes," she panted hoarsely. "She believed it, and gave you up! She couldn't do otherwise after finding that locket and—and the lies I told her. I said you were going to marry me——"

She stopped and looked at his face, white and set.

"You—you could kill me even as I lie here, Yorke," she said, in a dull despairing voice. "I can see it in your eyes."

He turned his eyes away.

"Go—go on!" he said, almost inarticulately.

She put her hand to her brow.

"I left her there, looking more dead than alive, and came back to town; and I thought you'd come back to me. I—I waited, and one day I saw you in Hancock's buying the—the ring; and I knew she'd taken you back, and all in a moment I—I told her, and then I got frightened at what I'd done. And when I saw that she had managed to do what I had failed over, and had separated you from Leslie Lisle and got you for herself——"

He rose and stretched out his hands to her as if he would stop her.

"Her? Who?"

"Who?" she opened her eyes upon him. "Why, Lady Eleanor Dallas! It's she you are going to marry, isn't it?"

He went to the mantelshelf and dropped his head upon his arms; then he came back and sank into the chair again with his hands thrust into his pockets, his head upon his breast.

"It's—It's a bad business, Yorke," she panted wearily. "But—but don't be too hard on me, or on her. For she loves you, Yorke! Ah! that's been the trouble all round; we've all loved you too well!" and she turned her face away and closed her eyes.

He sat and stared before him like a man dazed. For one moment he had felt convinced that Finetta's disclosure was the outcome of delirium; but as she had gone on with her confession, he knew that she was speaking of realities.

They had misjudged Leslie after all; she had not left him because she had discovered that he was not a duke! The reflection was the only one relieving streak of light in the gloom. What should he do? What could he do? Where was Leslie? And even if he found her, how could he desert Lady Eleanor? How could he throw her over on the very eve of their wedding day? She had not sinned against him, as Finetta had done; her only sin, as Finetta had so truly said, consisted in loving him too well. No, even if he knew where Leslie Lisle was, he could not desert Eleanor. He must marry her and try—as he had been trying all this time—to tear Leslie's image from his heart. But, ah, how much harder this feat had become since Finetta's disclosure.

She looked round at last.

"You are still here, Yorke," she said. "You haven't gone? I thought—I thought you'd have left me directly, and that I shouldn't have seen you again."

He laughed, scarcely knowing what he did.

"Not much use in that, Fin," he said drearily, hopelessly. "You acted like—well, like a woman, I suppose——"

"Oh!" she moaned. "I acted like a demon. I hadn't any pity, any mercy! I watched her getting whiter and whiter—I heard her cry out as if I'd stabbed her——"

He put up his hand to silence her.

"That—that will do, Fin!" he said hoarsely.

"But I should have given in to her and kept back the lies if you hadn't sent me this."

She put her hand to her bosom and drew out the locket. "That gave me the pluck and the obstinacy. I thought after all you cared for me——" She stopped. "It was a mistake all round, and—and—so I don't care to keep it any longer. Take it, Yorke."

He shook his head; but she put the locket in his hand.

"Do you think I'd keep it now I know you didn't mean it for me, but for her? Not me! Take it and—well, give me the other."

He suffered her to close his hand over the locket; and she took the pendant and laid it on the pillow.

"I know now why she put her hand to her bosom once or twice; this was lying there. Poor girl! Yes, I can be sorry for her, for I know what she felt. But it's too late now, Yorke, I suppose. You've got to marry Lady Eleanor, eh? Well," as he remained silent, "let's hope that poor young thing has forgotten you!"

Yorke got up and strode up and down biting his lip and shutting and opening his hands.

"Better go now, Yorke," she said with a sigh. "I know you hate the sight of me; that's only natural——"

"No, no, Fin!" he said with a frown. "I'm not so bad as that; but I feel confused and half mad. God forgive us all, we all seem to have conspired to work her harm! Even Dolph—and I who loved her! Yes, I'd better go, Fin; but I will come back—"

"No, you won't," she said quietly, "at least not till after your marriage. But, Yorke——"

"Well?" he asked.

"If—if you should ever find her—Miss Lisle," she said, in a low hesitating voice, "I wish—I wish you'd tell her I'd made a clean breast of it; and—and ask her to come and see me. She'd come; she's one of that sort of women that are always ready to forgive; and she'll forgive me right enough when she sees me lying here helpless as a log, and remembers how hard I fought beside her up that beastly cliff that day! Go now, Yorke, and—well, I don't know that God would bless you any the sooner for my asking him. But you have been very easy with me, Yorke, after all I've done to make you wretched."

Her voice died away inaudibly at the last words, and she took the hand he gave her and laid it on her lips.

Yorke went out with the locket in his hand, and a burning fire in his heart and brain.

This butterfly o' the wind, this dancing girl, had wrecked Leslie's and his lives! Wrecked and ruined them irreparably. She had spoken of his finding Leslie; but where could he look for her, and, indeed, would it not be better that they should never meet again? He had got to marry Eleanor—and the day after to-morrow; Finetta's confession—like most confessions, by the way—had come too late!

In a frame of mind which beggars description he went to Bury street and resumed his packing; then, in the midst of it, he remembered that he had promised to go to White Place that evening.

He got up from the portmanteau with a sigh and arranged his clothes. As he did so, he found the locket in his pocket, and transferred it to that of the waistcoat he was putting on.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN he got down to White Place—he had walked from the station—he found Lady Denby alone.

"Eleanor has gone out," she said, "but only for a stroll. As you did not come by the usual train she gave you up. Why didn't you wire?"

"I forgot it," he replied absently.

Lady Denby laughed ironically.

"What is the use of having a special wire if you don't use it?" she said. "Have you had your dinner?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, though he had eaten nothing since the morning.

Lady Denby looked at him curiously.

"You are not looking very well, Yorke," she said. "You seemed tired and fagged, and a change is what you want."

"Well, I shall get it directly," he said, with unconscious grimness. "Which way has Eleanor gone? I'll see if I can find her."

"She said something about going to the village," Lady Denby replied; "but I don't expect she will get beyond the grounds. Have some coffee or something."

He mixed a brandy and soda, more to please her than himself, and then went out.

Remembering what Lady Denby had said, he should have kept to the park, but he was not thinking of Lady Eleanor or the way she had taken, and he went straight out of the gate and along the road to the village.

He was thinking, alas! not of the woman he was going to marry in two days' time, but of Leslie Lisle; thinking that, perhaps, some day he should meet her. What would he say to her then? Would it just be simply "How do you do, Miss Leslie?" and go on his way again? Ah, no! Let him meet her when he might, sooner or later he would have to tell her how they had been separated, and why, when the knowledge of Finetta's perfidy had come to him, it was too late to go back to her! He would have to tell her that, would have to clear himself in her eyes!

He walked on, wrapped in bitter thoughts, haunted by the spectre which takes the shape of "It might have been," and found himself far on the London Road. He had, all unconsciously, passed the village, and he would have still kept striding along, but that a heavy shower, which had been threatening for some time, came pelting down. So he turned back at a slower pace, and, as most men do when they are getting wet, thought of a pipe.

He found his pipe and a tobacco-pouch, but his match-box was absent. He hunted in the corners and crevices of his pockets for a match, but unsuccessfully, and he was about to give up the idea of a smoke, when he came upon the school and schoolhouse. He stopped and looked at it absently; he had been so absorbed in gloomy reverie as he passed it on his way from White Place that he had not noticed it.

He stood by the little white gate in the close-cut hedge for a moment or two to see if anyone was about of whom he could ask a light; then, as no one appeared, he pushed open the gate, walked up the narrow weedless path, and knocked at the door.

A neat, a remarkably neat, little handmaid answered at the knock, and in severe accents said—

"Round to the back door, my man."

Yorke had his coat collar turned up, and his short pipe in his mouth, and the little maid had taken taken him for a tramp or a pedlar.

He smiled, and entering into the humor of the thing, obediently, not to say humbly, went round the house and presented himself at the back-door.

"Well, what is it?" asked the girl.

"Oh, I only want a light for my pipe," said Yorke. "Will you be good enough to give me one?"

She saw her mistake in a moment, and grew crimson.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but we have so many tra—er—so many strange kind of people come knocking."

"Then you do well to be careful," he said.

She ran and brought him a box of matches, and he lit his pipe and thanked her, raising his hat, and was turning to go out of the garden, when she said—

"Wouldn't you like to wait till the heaviest of the rain is over, sir?"

Yorke would have declined but that he was afraid she might think that he was wounded by her mistaking him for a tramp, so he said—

"Thank you, I'll stand up under the hedge for a minute or two," and he stood under a couple of the limes that bordered the side of the garden, and puffed at his pipe. It did not occur to him to wonder whether Lady Eleanor had got back to White Place before the storm broke, and whether she, in her turn, would wonder where he was; but he was just in that frame of mind in which a man is glad to stand still and smoke and think, and keep as far away as possible from friends and acquaintances. Besides, after the next two days he might find it difficult, if not impossible, to smoke a pipe in solitude.

So he leant against the trunk of the lime and went over in his mind all the details of Finetta's confession. He saw it all as plainly as if he had been present at the scene between her and Leslie.

He understood how quick Leslie would be to surrender him to the woman who had, as she thought, a prior right; how greatly Leslie's maiden pride and jealousy would aid Finetta in her task. And as he thought, his soul rose in bitter protest against the fate which had wrecked both their lives.

He finished his pipe, and was refilling it, and had his hand upon the tobacco pouch, when suddenly he heard a voice singing.

He paid no attention for a moment, then his hands grew motionless, and he clutched the pouch tightly, and he looked up with a sudden flush, a sudden light flashing in his eyes. For the voice was singing this song:

My sweet girl love, with frank blue eyes,
Though years have passed, I see you still,
There where you stood beside the mill,
Beneath the bright autumnal skies.

Then he laughed, laughed with a bitter, self-mockery.

"I'm going out of my mind," he said, with intense self-scorn. "Here's some girl singing a sil'y ballad, which no doubt

sells by the thousand, and I'm actually trying to persuade myself that the voice is like Leslie's, just because I once heard her singing it! Yes, I'm going mad, there's no doubt of that," and half-angrily he pressed his cap on his forehead, savagely struck a light and lit his pipe, and prepared to march out, though it was still raining in torrents. But as he passed the front window, framed in the red autumnal leaves of the Virginian creeper, he heard the voice more distinctly, and he stopped and began to tremble, looking hard towards the window.

"I am a fool!" he told himself. "I have been thinking of her so constantly. I am so much upset that I should think any girl I happened to meet like her, any voice I heard like hers. This one, for instance, is—is——"

The perspiration broke out upon his forehead, and the hand that held the pipe shook, for at that moment the last words of the song died away with a peculiar little thrill, a soft little sigh, which he remembered in Leslie's voice, and hers alone, most distinctly.

"It is easily proved," he muttered, and he stole across the small square of grass up to the window, and looked in.

For a moment or two the room seemed dark, the objects within it indistinct; then he saw a girl seated at the piano, a slim, graceful figure in some black, softly draping stuff, that of itself seemed to speak of Leslie. She was seated with her back towards the window, but as he leant on the window-sill she moved her head, and a cry burst from him. It was Leslie!

He drew back from the window-sill and leant against the wall, under the dripping Virginian creeper, his heart knocking against his ribs, his lips parched and dry.

What should he do? Go into the house and speak to her? Ah, not now! Not now, just before his marriage! And yet—oh, God!—how hard it was! Leslie in there, still deeming him false, and a few words would undeceive her. He took a couple of steps to the door, then pulled up, and another moment or two he would have rushed down the path and out of the gate, but there rose, even as he turned, the sweet, sad voice again, and his resolution melted like wax in a furnace. He opened the door, went along the passage, paused a moment to collect some fragment of self-possession and self-restraint, then entered the parlor.

He stood gazing at her with hungry longing eyes, and an ache in his heart, which grew almost unendurable; then he said as softly as he could—

"Leslie!"

She stopped singing, but did not turn her head. She had, in fancy heard him breathe her name so often.

"Leslie!" he repeated, drawing nearer.

Her hands grew motionless on the keys, and she looked around. Then she rose slowly, like a ghost, her face growing whiter and whiter, her eyes dilating, and "Yorke" breathed from her parted lips.

"Leslie!" he said again. "Oh, Leslie!" and he held out his arms to her.

She seemed to struggle against the potent influence he exerted, then she came nearer, swaying a little, like one walking in her sleep.

She was almost in his arms, her bosom heaving, her lips quivering, when she seemed to remember; and with a cry, the saddest he had ever heard, she swayed away from him, extending one hand as if to keep him off.

He caught the hand, and held it in a grasp like that of a vice.

"You shrink from me, Leslie? Oh, my dearest—to shrink from me!"

She seemed to struggle for her voice, and found it at last.

"Why—why have you come?" she breathed.

"Why have you hidden from me?" he responded, and there was almost a touch of indignation in the earnest, pleading voice. "Why did you do it, Leslie? Oh, God, if you knew what I have suffered—"

"You—have—suffered?" she repeated. "Ah, no, not you! It is I——" She stopped and sighed deeply.

He almost forced her, by her hand, into a chair and knelt beside her.

"Leslie, Leslie!" he cried, striving hard to speak calmly and coolly. "Listen to me. I'll try and explain. I'll try and tell you how this cruel thing has been brought about. It will be hard work, for the words sound like a jumble in my ears, and it is all I can do to keep myself from taking you in my arms—ah, don't shrink, don't be frightened! I will leave you to be the judge when—when you have heard all. Leslie, that woman Finetta——"

She started and turned her face from him.

"Leslie! Leslie! She lied. She told you she was to be my wife. It was not true, then or ever! As Heaven is my witness, there was not even love between us, on my side. I had parted from her two days before——"

"Oh, hush!" she broke out with a kind of jerk. "I remember every word—every word. It is burnt into my heart."

"It was false!" he said vehemently. "I can understand, imagine, all she would say! She is an actress—would have deceived a woman of the world, much more easily one all innocence and purity like yourself, dearest."

She looked at him as if a glimmer of hope was dawning, then her face clouded again, and she tried to take her hand from his, but unsuccessfully.

"You—you forget," she murmured. "The portrait. You sent it to her the day you sent my gift to me! Your portrait!"

He could have groaned.

"No," he thundered, gripping her hand. "I sent that to you!

"To—me?" fell from her lips.

"Yes, to you! The diamond thing I sent to her—listen and believe me, Leslie. Look in my eyes! Ah, dearest, do you think—how could you ever have thought—that I would be false to you? Why, I should never have believed you false to me, though an angel had whispered it. I sent the pendant to her because we had been good friends, and—and—ah, I must speak openly—because I knew that she wished we might be something more. It was a parting gift—a parting gift—from friend to friend, that was all! But fate chose that I, like a fool, should misdirect the packages! Leslie, the portrait was for you, the diamonds for her! Ah, think, consider, dearest! Should I send such a thing to you? To you, whose taste is so pure and refined!"

She began to tremble, and he drew still nearer to her.

"Why—why—did you not come—and—tell me this sooner!" she almost wailed.

He hung his head for a moment, then he looked up and met her eyes steadily.

"Leslie, I will tell you all. I—I have wronged you cruelly. I have been a fool. Yes, so great, so insensate a fool as to believe that, having learned the imposition we had practised on you, having discovered that I was not the Duke of Rothbury, you repented of our engagement—"

"You were not the Duke of Rothbury," she said, her brows knit; "are you not?"

"Oh, if Dolph were only here!" he groaned. "No, dearest, I am not; and at that time there was little chance of my ever being the duke. It is Dolph—Mr. Temple—as we called him, who is the duke. It was a whim—a freak of his. Oh, you see!"

Yes, she saw, and the color came to her face, and a proud wounded look into her lovely eyes.

"And—and you thought that it was because I believed you to be a duke—and only because of that—that I——"

"Leslie, here on my knees I plead guilty. You cannot despise me more than I despise myself! But, dearest, think! The last words you spoke to Dolph the morning you parted with him! Think, was there not some slight excuse?"

She hung her head.

"It—it is all past now," she said at last with a deep sigh. "We cannot re-live it all! Ah, no!"

And she turned her face away as a tear rolled down her cheek. Before that tear he lost his self-command. He forgot Lady Eleanor, forgot that his wedding-day as fixed, was within a few hours, and he caught her in his arms. She uttered a low cry, and bent away from him, her hands against his breast; but before the fire, the anguish of appeal in his eyes, her own fell; she trembled and quivered like an imprisoned bird, then felt herself crushed against his breast.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he murmured brokenly. "As if you and I could part again! No, no, never again while life lasts! Never again, dearest. Oh, don't cry!" He kissed the tears away, and laid her face against his lovingly, protectingly. "Don't cry, Leslie, or I shall think you can never forgive me! And——" He looked at the black dress. "Where is your father?"

"Oh, Yorke, Yorke!" she sobbed.

"Hush, hush! dearest! And you bore it all alone!" he groaned. "And I should have been by your side to help and comfort you! What shall I say, what shall I do, to prove my remorse? It was all my fault!"

"No, no," she responded, woman-like. "Not all, Yorke! I—I ought not to have believed that—that woman. I felt that she was not—not a good woman, and I ought not to have trusted her. But the portrait, Yorke! It all seemed so clear, so conclusive."

"I know," he said gravely; "I have heard it from her own lips."

"From her own lips?"

"Yes," he said gently. She has confessed it all. If she sinned, she has been punished. Finnetta, the dancing girl will never dance again; she is helpless and crippled for life."

Leslie uttered a low cry of horror and shuddered.

"Oh, God forgive me! and I was just wishing she might be punished. Oh, Yorke, where is she? I—I cannot forget her temptation, and I—I will try and forgive her!"

"She wants to see you dearest!" he said; "I left her this morning with a prayer for your forgiveness on her lips. I will take you to see her, and she will explain all that may be still dark. See, she sent you this," and he put the locket in her hand. "But, dearest, I want to hear all about yourself. Why are you here—and are you here alone?"

"I am the teacher here," she said. "Let me go now, Yorke, dear!"

"No, no," he said, "I cannot!" and he held her still closer. "Tell it to me with your head lying on my shoulder, your heart to mine——" He stopped suddenly, and Leslie, following his eyes, would have broken from him, for two persons had entered, Lucy and Ralph Duncombe, but Yorke still held her.

Lucy uttered a cry of amazement, and the color flew to her face.

"Oh, come away," she whispered to Ralph.

But he strode in and confronted Yorke with indignant menace.

"No!" he said sternly, "I am Miss Leslie's friend, and it is my duty to protect her!"

"To protect her," repeated Yorke mechanically, and staring at him.

"Yes!" said Ralph. "Leslie—Miss Lisle—do you know who this gentleman is?"

Leslie, white and red by turns, raised her eyes.

"Yes!" she said, almost inaudibly.

Ralph Duncombe started.

"You know who he is? And—that he is engaged—to be married to Lady Eleanor Dallas the day after to-morrow!"

Leslie looked at Ralph Duncombe vacantly for a moment, as if she had failed to understand him; then the color began to ebb from her face and left it white, and she strove feebly to release herself from Yorke's enfolding arms.

He did not speak, but he glared at Ralph Duncombe in a kind of half-dazed fury.

Lucy was the first to break the awful silence which followed Ralph's announcement.

"Oh, no, no, it is not—it cannot be true! There must be some mistake, Ralph," she exclaimed almost inaudibly.

Ralph Duncombe bit his lip. He had spoken in the first heat of his amazement and indignation, and was, perhaps, sorry that he had done so, or, at any rate, that he had spoken so precipitately.

"It is true," he said doggedly. "Ask him! It is for him to explain."

All eyes were fixed on Yorke. The two women's with an anxious, expectant look in them as if they were only waiting for his contradiction and denial.

But his face grew as white as Leslie's, and after looking round wildly he hung his head and groaned.

Leslie drew herself away from him slowly, her gaze still fixed on him, her bosom heaving, and dropped the locket from her hand. It fell with a dull thud to the floor. She had been in Paradise a moment or two ago, had been filled with a joy which in its intensity almost atoned for the past months of sorrow and anguish; and now she was plunged back into the depths again.

It was Lucy who spoke again. Losing her timidity in her anxiety for the friend she loved so dearly, she glided to Yorke, and put her hand on his arm.

"Oh, speak, sir!" she implored him. "Say that it is not true! Don't you see that she is waiting?" And she looked over her shoulder at Leslie.

Yorke followed her eyes, then looked down at her pretty, anxious face despairingly.

"I cannot!" fell from his lips.

Lucy shrank back from him, and stole her arm round Leslie to support her.

"You cannot! Oh!"

Ralph Duncombe came further into the room.

"He cannot deny it," he said. "I know—am a friend of Lady Eleanor Dallas. I know this gentleman, though he does not know me. He is Lord Anchester, the heir, now, to the Duke of Rothbury and he is engaged to marry Lady Eleanor. The wedding is to take place the day after to-morrow. I am sorry—yes, I am sorry—that I blurted out the truth; but the sight of him—well, I am an old friend of Miss Lisle's, and I claim the right to protect her. If his lordship considers that I have exceeded a friend's privilege he is at liberty to demand any satisfaction I can give him."

Yorke raised his head. His face was set and white, his eyes heavy with despair. He left as the ancient gladiator felt at the moment the fatal net caught him in its meshes, and the dagger was descending to strike him to the heart; as the miserable wretch in the dock feels when the sentence of death is being pronounced. For a moment it seemed as if he could not speak, and he wiped the cold sweat from his face mechanically; then he said in a low, broken voice—

"It is the truth!" He looked at Leslie, scarcely imploring so much as hopelessly, despairingly. "I had forgotten it? Yes," he went on almost fiercely, "I had forgotten it! You, sir, who came as an accuser, who, no doubt, think me an utter blackguard and lost to all sense of honor, shall be my judge as well as my accuser."

Ralph Duncombe shook his head.

"I do not wish——" he began; but Yorke silenced him with a gesture that was full of the dignity of despair.

"Hear me, please! Miss Lisle and I were engaged to be married—that is, months ago. We met at a place called Portmaris, and—" he glanced at Lucy—"sir, I loved her as truly and devotedly as you can love this young lady. We were to have been married——"

"You!" exclaimed Ralph Duncombe. "No, it was the Duke of Rothbury to whom she was engaged."

Yorke sighed.

"No, it was to me," he said. "I exchanged titles with my cousin, the duke; why need not be explained. Leslie—Miss Lisle understands. It was a foolish trick, and, like most follies, has brought trouble in its wake. But for that stupid freak—We were to have been married, but on the eve of our marriage we were separated, torn apart by a wicked lie which, aided by a wrongly addressed envelope, served to ruin our happiness. Miss Lisle thought I had deceived her, and acting on the promptings of a heart that is all truth and purity, she cast me off. I lost her in all senses of the word, and I felt that I deserved to lose her. Now, sir, call your imagination to your aid. Look on this young lady whom you love, and try and put yourself in my place. Picture to yourself my state and condition, having lost all that made life worth living! Ah, you can!" for Ralph Duncombe looked down and bit his lip.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECHOES.—They were talking about echoes, and he was an American. He listened while Germans praised German echoes; Englishmen, English echoes; and Swiss, Swiss echoes; and then, determined to make a supreme effort for the reputation of his great country, he said, quietly, "But, say? Whar's the echo that can compete with the American echo in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky?" As no one had been to Kentucky, no one dared to challenge the speaker, who, thus emboldened, continued: "Sure as my name's Hiram B. Cooling, if you call out to that echo, 'Hullo, Smith,' durned if the echo don't reply straight away, 'Which Smith do you mean?'" At the Chicago Exhibition they are not going to attempt to rival this echo, but a scientific professor has offered to construct for them an artificial echo which shall repeat a sentence of twenty words, and shall continue re-echoing for five minutes. He proposes to bring about this result in a specially prepared long chamber lined with sheet iron, and having at each end a huge steel tympanum thirty feet in diameter. If, however, half the gigantic projects which have been mooted in connection with the Exhibition should take form, the show will occupy not only the whole of Chicago, but nearly the whole of Illinois, and a great part of Lake Michigan as well.

MOORISH HOUSES.—Whether rich or modest, old Moorish houses are built on the same plan and method. Each residence always bears the stamp of its nationality, if only in the arch resembling the hoof of a horse and pointed at the top. It is with the richest boy or cadi as with the poorest shop keeper or mechanic, a square building of one or two stories, and the roof is a flat terrace. There is no front to them—that is to say, no facade as we understand it—merely high walls pierced at irregular distances with small and different sized openings, covered with iron or wooden bars, and which serve as peep-holes for the inmates. There is a low, thick door, strengthened by nail heads and bars, in a stone or marble frame, and this is the exterior appearance.

THE POET'S DEFIANCE.

BY A. G. B.

Playing with words—the pretty toys—
Whose charm nor time nor tide destroys;
Age, subtly creeping, steals away
The step's light spring, the glances gay,
The joyous echo from the tone,
The laugh that youth can match alone;
But this defies the touch of time,
The gladness of the ringing rhyme.

The mellow metre sounds as clear
As ever to the April ear;
The trumpet-call of martial song
Can bid the sober pulses throng
As gallantly as when, of old,
They thrilled to hear the summons told;
And tired fingers yet can chime
A melody for ringing rhyme.

I send a gay defiance back,
As, treading on my downward track,
'Mid moaning winds and fading flowers,
And thickening graves and darkened hours,
I wake the sweet old magic still,
I feel my hand obey my will;
Take up the glove that's flung by Time,
And challenge him, in ringing rhyme.

Hanchen's Wooing.

BY S. U. W.

DO YOU say that romance is dead nowadays, and that nobody falls in love at first sight? Oh, no! that may be the case in England, but not in Germany. Did I ever tell you of my Hanchen's wooing? No? Then you shall hear and judge for yourself."

The Frau Doktor straightened herself on her slippery sofa; her blue eyes shone and her wrinkled cheeks took a little color, like the faint pink of a faded sweet-pea; her thin voice had a note of anticipating triumph.

"All my girls had married," she began, "and married well—all except Hanchen. Ida married her cousin, and Adelheit married his best friend who came to her sister's marriage. Helene was cut out for a Pfarrer's wife, and took Pastor Schultz six months after his poor wife died (there were so many children he could not wait); and Friedel would have Ernst Cramer and nobody else—they had played together at man and wife ever since they were babies.

"Then there was only Hanchen left, and she was no beauty. My man would often say to me: 'Be content, Mutterchen; you have married four daughters out of five, and that is a long way over the average'—my man has such a business-like way of talking.

"But all the same I longed for Hanchen to marry. She was not intellectual like Ida, nor beautiful like Adelheit, nor economical like Helene, nor a regular little witch like Friedel; only, thank God, none of my girls was quite without good looks and quick wits, and I had brought them up to be good managers and to know how to make a man comfortable, which is, after all, the chief charm. Nevertheless, Hanchen was twenty-six and still single.

"Then there came an invitation from her school friend, Lisa Lohrling, that she should go and stay at Cologne, and make the acquaintance of Lisa's bridegroom. I thought very likely the Lohrlings wanted her to help sew at the bride's things, but I was glad she should go, for it was dull at home, and one wedding makes many. When I said that to her father he was angry and said: 'Max Lohrling was quartered at Deutz, and that one lieutenant in the family was enough for him' (it was Ernst Cramer's fine blue jacket that Friedel lost her heart to, the puss!). But I made him hold his tongue and say none of this nonsense before Hanchen, and in the end he gave her a hundred-mark bank note and put her into the Ladies Coupe himself.

"Now what happened on this visit I did not learn all at once, but I have put it together from different things that I have gathered from different people, and it all goes to prove what I have always held true: if a girl is ordained to marry, the right man will find her, even if he comes down the chimney.

"The Lohrlings came to meet her at Cologne station, Max and Lisa, and they had brought a carriage to drive her and her box home. 'Now, Max, off with you,' said Lisa; 'and don't let us see you again till nine o'clock; Hanchen and I have a great deal to talk about, and she will be tired with her long journey and will not care about seeing strangers, so keep him away till then.'

"'Is it your Brautigam?' asked Hanchen; 'pray do not send him away on my account.'

"'Oh, no, Lisa explained as they drove along; 'it is a friend of Max's, a Herr von Passau, who telegraphed this morning that he would come to-night and stay for a few days. He has inherited a property in North Germany and he is on his road to see it. I believe he stops here to see if Max can get leave to accompany him. But we do not want him with us your first evening, so I told Max to take him to a restaurant and give him supper, and later he can bring him. I want you all to myself.'

"What a talk the girls had—about Albrecht, Lisa's Brautigam, and all the work there was to be done. When the gentlemen came in and Max introduced his friend von Passau to his mother and sister and their guest, they could not believe that it was already nine o'clock.

"'Well, no, it isn't,' confessed Max, 'but it is full moon and such a warm night, and there is music playing in the Flora Garten; Von Passau and I thought we would fetch you to drink a glass of beer there. You must excuse us that it is only eight o'clock, but we could not live any longer without you.'

"Of course the girls were delighted, Frau Lohrling put on her bonnet and took them all to the Flora.

"Max walked with his mother and the lady-guest, and Lisa with her brother's friend, and talked to him about his new property; and she thought he seemed a dull fellow, for when she asked him if he meant to live on his new property, he blushed and stammered, and said he could not decide for a few days.

"By-and-bye, in the gardens, as they sat at supper—for the ladies were persuaded to try some ham and some little brodchen with their glasses of beer—they touched glasses altogether, and Lisa said joking, 'Herr von Passau you must touch with Fraulein Hellmuth, for you know the friends of our friends are our friends,' and so they bowed and touched glasses together, too.

"As von Passau and Max walked home that night the stranger suddenly asked: 'Do you interest yourself for that young lady, Max?'

"'I? Who? What young lady?' cried Max astonished.

"'Fraulein—ah—Hellmuth.'

"'Not I,' quoth Max. 'She is my sister's friend, but I hardly know her; her sister Friedel, I remember, was a jolly girl, but this one I scarcely have spoken to any more than yourself.'

"'That is well,' said von Passau; 'then I shall not do you any wrong if I offer for her. I should like her beyond anything for my wife.'

"Max could only think his friend had gone mad. Now I must stop here," said the Frau Doktor, "to repeat again that my Hanchen was no beauty. She was medium height and rather plump, as a German girl should be; she had blue eyes and light-brown hair which she wore in one thick plait, put round the top of her head like a crown.

"She had bought a pretty blue foulard costume with her father's present, and had had her good handsome dress of green tartan, English stuff, all done up with new velvet, and a new Tuscan straw hat, with bunches of lilies of the valley, went with both, and suited her wonderfully well. She wore the English dress that evening, for it was a little chilly sitting out, and next day, when they all went to Dusseldorf by the steamboat, she wore the blue.

"Now on the way as they went, Herr von Passau announced that he had just received a letter from his lawyer, and he must go North to his property at once, and he thought perhaps it would be as well to start that evening from Dusseldorf, as time pressed. 'I cannot persuade Max to go with me, Gnadige Frau,' said he, 'so I must go by myself, a lonely bachelor,' and he sighed deeply.

"'You must find a wife soon, Herr von Passau,' said Frau Lohrling. You see she could speak easily, for Lisa was busy.

"'I have seen one,' he answered, 'but she does not know it,' which made everyone laugh.

"In spite of the lawyer's letter, von Passau did not travel North that night. He kept putting off, and putting off while they rambled about the town, saying each time that a later train would serve him quite well, till at last there was only the last one back to Cologne, and they all returned from their day's pleasuring together—von Passau taking it very quietly, and saying that he could start early next morning. When they got back to the Lohrling's house, there was Albrecht arrived, and they took a little supper. 'That friend of Max's is in love with your friend, Lischen,' whispered the Brautigam, after half an hour.

"'Nonsense!' said Lischen, who could not think of anyone being in love but herself. 'He has not spoken ten words to her, and they only met yesterday evening,' for Max, fearing his friend should be laughed at, had told his sister nothing.

"'Nevertheless, he loves her; trust me. I am in love myself and know,' answered Albrecht.

"'Bah!' said Lisa, 'I tell you they have not spoken together for five minutes, and Hanchen is not so wonderfully beautiful! I will tell you what—suppose I go to the door and just listen for a minute,' for by this time the two guests had gone into the salon together, while Albrecht was helping Lisa to lock up after supper, and Frau Lohrling had gone upstairs.

"She crept quietly to the door, and listened—then she came back shaking her head. 'You are too romantic, mein Herr,' said she, 'they are now for the first time alone together, and they are talking of the pickpockets in the Dom Kirche.'

"Nevertheless, Albrecht only shook his head.

"Next morning Herr von Passau really did start for the North. When Hanchen came to breakfast at eight o'clock, she heard that he called quite early, before anyone was up, and had left his cards, 'one for you, too, Hanchen,' said Frau Lohrling, counting them out.

"When my girl came back from her visit," continued the Frau Doktor, taking a fresh skein of wool, and dexterously twitching it over her arm, as she started on a fresh phase of her story and her knitting, "I thought I never had seen her looking so ill, and so unlike herself. 'Visiting does not suit her,' I said to myself, remembering how Friedel used to look like a fresh rose when she came back from her aunt at Wiesbaden, and what spirits even our quiet Helene would be in after a visit to Wetzlar. Then I began to fear: 'has she a misplaced affection, an unfortunate attachment?' and I was quite miserable to think that perhaps while I had been praying the good God to give her earthly happiness, He had thought fit to visit her with such a trial as this.

"I did my best to discover from her what had happened during her visit to Cologne, but beyond a general idea of the Lohrling family life, I learnt nothing—no mention of anyone in particular, no consciousness at mentioning Max's name, only a melancholy, an abstractedness that I could not account for.

"Her father said, 'She is spoilt with the gay town life,' but I said 'No, it can't be that,' for if she had been set up with town fancies, she would never have been so careless about her dress as to walk out one day with a black glove and a grey, and never notice it!

"It was love, I was sure, and an unfortunate love, I was afraid.

"One day, when she had been home about a month, my man came in, in a pretty taking, with a letter in his hand.

"'Look at this,' said he; 'here is a fellow that I have never heard of asking my consent to his marrying our Hanchen! Do you know anything about it?'

"'Not I. What is his name?'

"'Passau—von Passau, too—he says he met her at Lohrling's.'

"'So—o. I have not heard her mention him. Has he spoken to her at all?'

"'He says not. It is a most extraordinary thing; let us call the girl and ask her.'

"Hanchen came in at that moment; she had been gardening and her hands were full of flowers while her face bore a strange, dreamy expression as if her mind was far away. Her father asked:

"Hanchen, who is Herr Eduard von Passau?" without preamble.

"'There was a Herr von Passau, a friend of Max Lohrling, who stayed for a few days in Cologne. I do not know if his name is Eduard."

"'You met him at the Lohrling's?'

"'Yes, father.'

"'Did you like him?'

"'Why—yes, but I saw him only twice, and we scarcely spoke together at all.'

"'He has written to ask my consent to his paying you his addresses.'

"'His what?'

"'His addresses—don't you know what that means? He wants to marry you.'

"'Me!' and poor, modest Hanchen ran out of the room with her hands before her face.

"'Had you no idea of this, Herzchen?' I asked her later. 'We have thought you changed and melancholy since you came home, and I feared perhaps that you had seen somebody you felt you could love who did not return your preference—was it not so?'

"'Indeed, no, mamachen,' answered Hanchen earnestly; 'if I have seemed altered it was only because—oh, you will think me so silly if I tell you——' and she hid her face behind my shoulder.

"'Nay, then, why should I?'

"'Because I had seen Lisa Lohrling with her Brautigam and it looked so beautiful, so full of happiness to love and be loved like that; and I thought, I am not pretty or clever, no one is ever likely to want to love me so. The feeling was strong upon me when I came home, and I struggled against it, for I knew I was discontented—but, oh mother, I did not guess you had seen it.'

"'A mother's eyes see most things,' said I, pressing her to me, 'and you did not guess either what was in store for you, eh, Hanchen?'

"But to that she made no answer.

"Two days later Hanchen and I stood at the widow that looks down the road to the station; my man had gone to Cologne to meet Herr von Passau, at his earnest request, and if papa liked the young man, and if he approved of his manners and appearance, he was to bring him home to spend the evening with us. I was more excited even than Hanchen.

"I had tried to get her to describe Herr von Passau that I might judge a little of the impression he would make on my husband, who is a very intelligent man, but beyond the fact that Max Lohrling's friend was a tall man, and dark, with a fine beard and an impressive manner, my daughter could not or would not say anything.

"'Spectacles?' I asked anxiously, as we stood looking out of the window. We had heard the train whistle five minutes before, and knew that they must be approaching, but thought there was just time to ask that, for spectacles make a man look so much more important.

"'I don't know—nay, I think a double eye-glass,' said Hanchen. 'A—ah!' and she sat down suddenly, without another word.

"Her father had turned the corner alone.

"I did not dare look at Hanchen. I thought she would be better left alone for a little, so out I flew to my man, who was hanging up his paletot in the entry.

"'Ach leider!' said I. 'I see he won't do at all, and you have had your journey for nothing, my Karl. Well, it is a sad disappointment, but, thank God, we don't want to lose our girl for many a year yet, and rather than give her to anyone who is unsatisfactory and unworthy——'

"'What are you talking about?' answered Karl. 'He is a capital fellow, and I like him very much. He gave me an excellent dinner at Bettgers,' and I told him to come on here by the next train. I thought you would be glad of a little time to prepare. Why, what in the world are you crying about? I thought I had done everything to please you.'"

"Next day we arranged to go to Stoltzenfels. We could not drive, or all the neighbors would have guessed what was a-foot, and Herr von Passau had not yet spoken to Hanchen, or done more than watch her as she went about her household duties. So we decided to meet at the station, and the young man gave me his arm, while Hanchen and her father went to take the tickets.

"Now, thought I, he will say something to me (and there is nothing sweeter to a mother than to hear her daughter's praises—it is the finest flattery). But just then up came Herr Beck and his wife and sister, bound for Kreuznach, and in a moment I had my hand out from under his arm.

"'Where are you going, liebe Frau Doktor?' cried Frau Beck, so that all the station could hear, and I was so flustered that I answered, 'I don't know,' in an idiotic fashion, which, to anyone less absorbed in her own affairs, would have revealed the whole secret. Luckily, Frau Beck had a great deal to say.

"'Go away, go away into another carriage,' I managed to whisper to Herr von Passau, while our neighbors swept us along to the waiting-room. The others had come up with the tickets by this time, and, quickly comprehending the situation, my man announced that he had taken tickets for Stoltzenfels, where he was taking us for a little treat; and Herr von Passau, with ready tact, lifted his hat and strolled to the further end of the train.

"'We shall just fill a carriage; how delightful!' cried Frau Beck, for the twentieth time. 'We are going to Kreusnach, and your good company, so far, will be a great help on the way. Why should you not come on, and stop the night? It would do you all good, I am sure. Where is your friend, Frau Doktor, who was with you just now? You did not introduce him. I hope he did not want to travel in your society.'

"'A mere new acquaintance,' I stammered.

"'That is all right, he had the good sense to leave old friends together. Hanchen, you are looking pale, my love; you had better persuade the good mother to send you to Kreuznach to me, eh, don't you think so?"

"'I beg your pardon?'

"'You had better come with us; it is such a gay place in the season, and Theresa, here, would be delighted to have a companion. Do you know it at all?"

"Hanchen stared in bewilderment. I knew she had not been listening to a word, and I rushed to her help as I best might. 'Hanchen has only just come home from a visit to Cologne; we cannot spare her to go to Kreuznach just now,' I said, with emphasis on the name that she might recover herself, and I kept up the ball of conversation as well as I could till we reached Stoltzenfels and had to alight.

"'The best view of the castle is just at this point from the other end of the carriage; Fraulein Theresa ought not to miss seeing it,' said my man, who can be as sharp as a needle when he chooses; and having left all the Becks with their heads out of the opposite window, we slipped off the platform with Herr von Passau closely following. What a thing it is to have tact!

"In the evening, as we strolled down from the castle, the way grew narrow and dark under the thick boughs, and my man gave me his arm while Herr von Passau came behind with Hanchen beside him. They were close to us, and I looked back once and heard him telling her that as he came through Cologne he had read in the 'Gazette' that the pickpockets that had so long infested the Dom Kirche had been captured and punished.

"Next time I turned to look, a wind in the path had hidden them from my sight. 'Come on, come on,' said my man, who was getting fidgety for his supper; 'they are all right now.'

"And as we stood waiting for them on the balcony of the restaurant below, they came out of the wood arm-in-arm.

"That was love at first sight, was it not?" concluded the Frau Doktor. "On Eduard's part without a doubt, for Max Lohrling told me afterwards of what he had said on that very first evening; and on Hanchen's part, too, I believe, though the dear child was too modest and unassuming to know what the feeling was. It is a wonderful thing, this love: all-powerful, all-conquering, not to be gainsaid if——

"Excuse me, Fraulein, one instant. I think I hear that soldier again in the kitchen with Trudchen, and if so, there will not be a scrap of veal worth slicing for supper."

ABOUT PLATE.

Before the invention of bills of exchange, when banks, or the equivalent of them, were only one degree more safe than a private house, those who had money invested it in goods easily concealed, easily transported, and easily exchanged for cash. Jewels were the readiest form of this convenience, but Europe had no sufficient supply.

Plate was substituted. But the quantity which a citizen might keep was limited perhaps in every State of Greece. Draco is said to have prohibited it altogether, but his laws are mythical.

In Rome the amount which any man might possess was fixed at ten pounds' weight, and for a time which seems extraordinary to us the Censors took care that this law should be effective. We read that the grandfather of Sylla was expelled the Senate for breaking it—a little incident which perhaps affected the destinies of the world.

For the family had been very wealthy till thus disgraced, as wealth was understood in the good days of Rome: it then fell into poverty, and Sylla's career was directed, in its earlier and most important stages, by the overwhelming resolve to make money.

It is told also that Paulus Æmilius handed over all the wondrous store of gold and silver plate which he took from Perseus of Macedonia to the public quæstors—to be melted down probably. An antiquary thrills with horror, even in this day, at that tale, remembering that the grandest works of art both Asiatic and European must have been gathered there.

In the astonishing report of his Triumph, mention is made especially of the cups by Antigonus, of Seleucus, and those by the "renowned artist Pericles"—as we might say, Benvenuto Cellini—besides the gold plate of Perseus' table.

But Æmilius retained a silver cup weighing five pounds, which he gave to his son-in-law, Ælius Tubero, of whom Plutarch tells an interesting story. This true old Roman lived in one house with fifteen kinsfolk, working on a small farm. The cup was the first object of silver—much more gold—which they possessed.

We may hope that it was cherished when the great house of Ælius took a leading part among "the Commonwealth of Kings—the men of Rome," in later ages. Sylla, probably found peculiar delight in annulling the law which had ruined his family. In his time, at least, it collapsed. Another generation, and we come across such tales as that of Antony's son and his physician Philotas.

Delighted with a jest by the latter, the boy presented him with all the plate in the room—a gift so extravagant that Philotas dared not accept. Next day, however, a servant brought it, and when he expressed his fears the man said:—

"Remember this is a present from the son of Antony, who could give you its weight in gold without wincing!" After this time plate became a furore which endured to the last at Rome.

Juvenal's Twelfth Satire describes the storm in which Catullus nearly perished when sailing to visit him. Everything was thrown overboard to lighten the ship. Last of all Catullus sacrificed his plate. "Vases, the master-work of Parthenius; a cratera, or rather an urn, fit to quench the thirst of a Pholus or of Fuscus' wife. Then amphoræ, and a thousand precious things; cups, out of which cunning Philip of Macedon had drunk."

What priceless marvels will be found when, at length, divers can explore the bottom of the Mediterranean! But, Juvenal goes on, "What man on earth but Catullus would prefer his safety to his wealth, his life to his plate?" Such were Roman notions on this subject.

Descending to later ages, we find plate still very highly esteemed, if only because there was so little about. What became of the "Niebelungen hoard," as Kingsley well described it—the treasures of old Rome—is a question more and more interesting the greater our knowledge of the circumstances. Anyhow, little of it remained when we again catch a distinct view of the barbarian conquerors. The English, indeed, had but a small share of the loot. What vessels of gold and silver they possessed before the Norman welded them again to the Roman world, as it may be expressed, appear to have been their native manufacture mostly. It was not bad art—not by any means, compared with that of their contemporaries.

English jewelry was famous through the Western world, especially after Alfred had taken up this handicraft and improved it—as he did everything he touched. But as for plate, if we neglect the evidence of poets and romancers, it does not seem that there was much of it, and what there was belonged to the small class of King's Thanes.

The extreme fondness of the people for wooden vessels led them to mount their "ale-vats" and drinking cups rather than to make them all silver or gold. The very frequent reference to plate after the Conquest gives an exaggerated notion of the quantity in use.

It is certain that the greatest nobles used pewter commonly, though they had a store of silver, of course. Nor did they always—perhaps not often—keep a sufficient supply even of that. We find the Earl of Northumberland himself hiring so many "garnish of vessel" year after year; the "garnish" consisted of three dozen plates and dishes, each half-dozen varying in size, and one dozen saucers.

They were not common pewter, however, but the superior sort, containing a proportion of silver. Still, Royal and courtly personages owned a vast deal of plate at every time since the Normans introduced foreign habits. The feudal system and the heralds took toll of the usage at an early date.

The sideboard on which a man of wealth displayed his silver or his gold, stood commonly a step or two above the floor. Taking advantage of this custom, the herald laid down that a prince of the blood royal only might have five steps, a duke or prince not of blood royal four, nobles of lower rank three, a knight banneret two, and a mere gentleman one.

The law was certainly not obeyed in all cases, and there is reason to think that a rich citizen could buy the privilege of setting his plate up aloft.

Horse-Shoes.—Horses were not shod in Egypt, Assyria, or Palestine. The latter country was supplied with horses by the Egyptians. Solomon paid one hundred and fifty shekels of silver, equal in value to seventy-five dollars, for each horse. This was a high price, the difference in relative value of a shekel and a given weight of wheat being considered.

Isaiah speaks of horses whose "hoofs shall be counted like flint"—a valuable quality where they were shoeless. The Syrians and Hittites were supplied with Egyptian horses by Solomon, who turned an honest penny by this means.

Aristotle and Pliny mention the covering of horses' feet in stony places to protect the hoof from breakage and wear, but it is probable that such a covering was a bandage or boot, and used principally on long journeys.

Suetonius refers to the dismounting of Vespasian's muleteer, to shoe his mules. Wrappings of plaited fibre, such as hemp or broom, were used, as was also leather. In Japan the horses have clogs of twisted straw, of which a large supply is carried on a journey; when worn, another is immediately applied.

The modern custom of shoeing would, no doubt, appear a barbarous custom in their minds. Captain Cook refers to the fact that the Siberians and Kamtschatkans use travelling socks for their dogs. Camels in old times were similarly provided. These boots were drawn on over the feet, and it does not appear that iron or other metallic plates were nailed to the hoofs. Such boots were shod with metal for the rich.

The mules of Nero were shod with silver; those of his wife Poppœa, with gold. For less stately purposes mules were shod with iron. Homer mentions brazen-footed steeds, probably a merely metaphorical expression implying strength.

Mithridates and Alexander experienced great difficulty with their cavalry, owing to the soreness of the unprotected feet of the horses in long marches. The first certain mention of shoes being nailed to horses' hoofs is in the works of the Emperor Leo, ninth century. The practice of shoeing horses is said to have been introduced into England by William I.

Sharks and Whales.—Of all animals mentioned in the Bible, the greatest two critics is found in the fish that swallowed Jonah. The white shark, the terrible foe to sailors, is able to swallow a man whole. White sharks usually cut asunder any object of considerable size and then swallow it; but if they find a difficulty in doing this, there is no hesitation in passing into the stomach even of what is enormous bulk. The formation of the jaws and throat render this matter of little difficulty. Rusch says that the whole body of a man in armor has been found in the stomach of a white shark. Blumenbach says a whole horse has been found in it; and Captain Basil Hall said that in the taking of one, in which besides other things, he found the whole skin of a buffalo, which a short time before had been thrown overboard from the ship.

It is true that in the New Testament the fish is called the whale. The spermaceti whale has a very capacious throat, wide enough to admit the body of a man. But the ordinary food of whales consists of comparatively small animals. Dr. Harris observes "that the fame of the prophet's miraculous preservation was wholly propagated as to reach even Greece whence was derived the story of Hercules escaping alive out of a fish's belly. In all the field of physical science it cannot be accounted for that a man could be preserved alive until the third day in the belly of a whale or a shark. The ways and works of God pass all understanding and the miracles He performed are not conceivable by our limited knowledge." L. G. W.

It Was the Church Calf.—A good story is told of a farmer who was of a miserly sort of mind and had attended church but little, and had given but scantily for the support of the gospel. It was in the early summer when he startled his better half with the exclamation, "Jane, we, as you well know, have two very fine calves, and as I have done nothing scarcely hitherto for church support I am going to give one of those calves to the church." Everything moved on merrily for awhile until accidentally on a summer's morning one of the calves came suddenly to an untimely end. The farmer looked the animal over as it lay on the green sward before him. He spent but a short time in silent thought, and then raising his eyes and looking about him to see if anyone was within hearing distance, and seeing no one, he raised himself erect, and with a look of relief pictured on his countenance, whispered audibly, "That's the church calf."

Tom: "Why did you sit on the piano stool at Miss Charm's, when there are plenty of comfortable chairs in the room?" Jack: "You never heard her play, did you?"

Scientific and Useful.

The Palsiphone.—The "palsiphone" is a new musical instrument now attracting attention, and consists of a set of sonorous bodies which are rapidly struck by the vibrating "interruptor" of an induction coil. The principle has been applied to house bells, with the result that an agreeable musical notice is elicited, which approaches in quality that of an organ pipe. An ordinary gong or bell can be transformedinto a musical instrument.

The Piano.—A large number of people imagine that the tin-kettle-like sound observable in many old pianos is the result of rust on the strings. This is not the case; it arises from the hammers having hardened, and can only be thoroughly cured by re-felting them. Considerable improvement, however can be effected by passing the point of a flat awl—a large needle will sometimes serve—between the striking portion of the wood and the felt. Pricking and working the latter to make it soft will also be advantageous.

The Wire Age.—The present may be aptly described as the wire age. Sleeping we repose on wire mattresses; eating we see foods that have passed through sieves, and which are protected from the flies by wire covers; traveling we are conveyed by cable or electric railways, hoisted by elevators hung on wires, and hurried over wire bridges. We announce our coming by telegraph or telephone wires, we talk by wires, and we thread our way by night through streets lighted by means of electric wires. Our clocks are set by wires, our watches run by wires, our books are stitched with wires, our pictures hung on wires, and our politics managed by wire-pullers.

Backward Eyes.—An ingenious inventor has discovered a means for providing "eyes in the back of the head." No longer will the schoolboy be able to indulge in his pranks when the master has turned his head, for by means of the new invention the master will be able to observe what goes on behind his back, and punishment sure and swift will overtake the offender. This new optical instrument, which performs this extraordinary feat, consists of a new kind of spectacles, on each bluish glass of which a small round reflector or mirror is fixed, which enables the wearer to watch—without turning round—the features of those behind him as plainly as though he had a pair of eyes in the back of his head. They do not impede forward vision, nor can they be distinguished from ordinary spectacles.

Farm and Garden.

Fruit.—It is cheaper, safer and better to thin out the fruit from the overloaded trees than to use unsightly props.

Linseed Meal.—Linseed meal is one of the best of foods for moulting hens. It is not only rich in nitrogen and mineral matter, but its oil hastens the process of dropping the old feathers.

Peas.—When land is scarce and only one cow is kept sow peas for food. They may be broadcasted thickly and when the seed pods are about to form they may be fed green or cut and cured for use until some other green food can be produced.

Young Pigs.—Nothing comes so near taking the place of milk for young pigs as sweet corn just past the roasting-ear stage. No feed is better for starting the shoats to fattening than the corn and stalks fed together at first, and after two weeks snap off the ears and feed the ears to the hogs and stalks to cattle.

Common Cows.—The greatest drawback to farming is the large number of common cows. A scrub bull on a farm is a sure indication that the owner is not really a farmer. He may have been born on a farm, but his education in regard to making the farm pay has been sadly neglected.

Smoothing Fields.—For smoothing fields after planting there is no cheap device better than brush harrows, made by placing boughs from the woods, laid as flat as possible, with their butt ends projecting through a piece of hard-wood scantling, and well secured. One strong horse will draw a brush of this kind that will smooth a surface 10 or 12 feet wide.

Mother or Child suffering from weakness and indigestion, will find a pleasant, safe, and reliable corrective in Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. With children where worms are present it is the best of remedies:—pleasant to the taste, easily administered, and with all not expensive. Sold by all Druggists.

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Of Family Pride.

To vaunt our family is, in a cunning way, indirectly but efficaciously to vaunt ourselves. We have portraits in our own family, to which we own a mysterious but very stupid attachment; we feel that somehow such portraits prove that the family has been compact and known, and rich for some time, although the present representative may be poor. We have one or two old books, heirlooms, a chair or so, and such like wrecks of genteel ancestry, and of course are attached to them.

Nay, we do not despise as we ought the genealogical tree; and yet we know that great great grandfathers and uncles did little or nothing save serve in the army, or sit upon the bench as county magistrates, as stupid as the rest.

And we know, philosophically, that the meanest beggar is as far descended as the king, and that the beggar's son could count a roll of ancestry, if he only knew how, longer by one than the beggar; nay, we know that the poor have as a rule in life been better and purer than the rich, and that it would be wiser to be proud of being "the son of parents passed into the skies" than of being the descendant of Cæsar, Alexander, Genghis Khan, Napoleon Bonaparte, or any such conquerors.

And yet, being men, we and every one of our readers have a certain family pride, although we laugh at it, and sneer at it in others as any sensible person must, because in its sum total it is a distorted reflection of self—that is all.

A nation is in itself but one great family; and villages, towns, counties or countries have a natural pride in knowing that the great and good qualities of the men they have produced are appreciated; and there is this about the feeling which is admirable, which is that it leads us to admire that which is noble in others, although we may believe that in some indirect way the glory is reflected back upon ourselves.

Thus in some places when a horse has been successful in winning a race, the glory of the achievement is shared by the whole stable or village; as if, indeed, a horse from that identical stable were any the better on that account. But the glory of a family does help a man through life, until indeed he becomes very debased.

Having to date from a fair lineage, a man will be careful not to soil that lineage; thus the Spartan boys were brave, not alone because their nerves were stronger than those of others, but for the reason that they were Spartans, and had an hereditary virtue descending upon them from their family or people. It was not a physical—it was a mental gift; to be base or effeminate was so utterly out of the practice of the Spartans, that it never entered into their minds to become so.

With this kind of family pride we all can sympathize. When we hear a man proud of the Smith nose, the mouth of the Browns, the forehead of the Greens, or the hereditary squint or wall-eye of the Williamses, we may set him down as a fool; but when we meet with a man who finds it incumbent on him to act well and honorably, because his family always did so before him, we are delighted with that honorable respect which he pays to the virtue of his family. And such hereditary virtues are not uncommon.

"My father," said a tradesman, the other day, "always paid his rent at twelve o'clock on rent-day, and I will always do so;" and the man, through life, had made great struggles to keep up to that excellent virtue of punctual payment.

So we have an hereditary forwardness in brave actions; some families in out-lying villages are always ready to head the list of Christmas benevolences; some are devoted to a life at sea; some to the army and to particular service therein—all through family pride.

Reputation continues to act long after the particular deed that had won it is forgotten.

There is then even a very beautiful side from which we may regard this foolish pride. When pride in ancestry came up we hardly know, for certainly all the ancients did not look, as we do, to a man's family, since the Romans could adopt a total stranger, who, thereon, had all the merit of blood-descent.

Some people think that the lineage of our Saviour, given in the commencement of two of our Gospels—and given for an especial purpose—set men's minds, always prone to self-flattery, upon the utter vanity of birth. But certainly the ancients did refer to paternal acres, and the deeds of their ancestors, as well as we do; and Plutarch, in his familiar, easy way, lets us see that the pride of ancestry was no stranger to him.

There is this strange peculiarity about family pride, which is indicative of weakness—it likes to claim all great people as of a great race. We are Chinese in our sympathies. A great man in China ennobles his ancestors; he cannot do a great deed without very properly reflecting a lustre on his father, and mother, and grandfather—the reverse way to our own, but nevertheless the wiser way.

"Everything in this world," said a great philosopher, "has two handles;" and if we take hold of the right one we shall do well. The man who prides himself upon the worth of his family may himself become worthy even by that weakness. But woe to the man who has nothing to boast of but the position of his father, the beauty or riches of his mother, and the virtues of his successors. "He is," said Sir Thomas Overbury, "very much like a potato—the best part of him is under ground."

IF we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

MANY have talked in very exalted language of the perpetuity of friendship—of invincible constancy and inalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion. But these instances are memorable because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

HOPE writes the poetry of the boy, but Memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of Heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when the cup is taken from our lips.

FORM THE habit of early rising, and of retiring early, which is quite as important, and it will be easy to do it. Do it regularly, and the habit will form itself, so that finally it will be almost the easiest course you can take; do it irregularly, and you will have a lifelong fight against irregular habits and bad hours.

GOD makes the glow-worm as certainly as the star; the light in both is divine. If mine be an earth-star to gladden the wayside, I must cultivate humbly and rejoicingly its green earth-glow, and not seek to blanch it to the whiteness of the stars that lie in the field of blue.

IF our Creator has so bountifully provided for our existence here, which is but momentary, and for our temporal wants, which will soon be forgotten, how much more must he have done for our enjoyment in the everlasting world.

ASPIRATION, worthy ambition, desires for higher good for good ends, all these indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of the good Father, who would call us homeward toward himself.

THE HUMAN face never is so beautiful as when the soul has passed through some great struggle, when it has triumphed in this unseen battle-field, and there is a divine irradiation of the countenance.

SIR PETER LELY made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

IT IS not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.

MEN are sowing seeds of truth or error, of dishonesty or integrity, every day they live and everywhere they go, that will take root in somebody's life.

ADVERSITY has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself particularly, being free from flatterers.

IF A traveler does not meet with one who is his better or his equal, let him firmly keep to his solitary journey; there is no companionship for a fool.

THE GOOD things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture; like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the end of it.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act man is capable of: it is in some measure doing the work of his Maker.

IF the memory is weak, do not overload it, nor fill it with foolery. Charge it only with useful matters.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

R. F.—If you have fallen in love with the young lady and wish to win her for your wife, your best way would be to visit her in person, and let her see that you are in earnest.

G. C. R.—Damascus is considered the most ancient city in the world. Josephus attributes its foundation to Uz, the grandson of Noah, but whether it dates so far back or not, it is certain that it was a place of much consequence in the days of Abraham.

ELLA.—First rasp the horn with a file to get a smooth, even surface; then scrape with glass, which, if carefully done, will leave a fine, clean surface. Next rub it with a piece of soft cloth and putty-powder, wet to a paste with water. Some persons use whiting and chalk instead of this mixture.

CONRY.—A very good imitation cherry stain for pinewood is composed of three quarts of rain-water and four ounces of annatto. Boil these in a copper kettle until the last-named is dissolved; then put in a piece of potash the size of a walnut. Keep it on the fire for about half an hour longer, and then bottle for use.

LISA.—The first mention of a diamond being used for writing on glass occurs in the sixteenth century. Francis I., of France, who was fond of the arts, sciences, and new inventions, wrote two lines with his diamond ring upon a pane of glass, at the castle of Chambord, in order to let the Duchess of Estampes know that he was jealous.

L. L.—The abbreviations Xmas, Xn, Xt, Xtny, etc., have been used for many years by ecclesiastical writers, ministers and others. The exact date of the origin of these is not known, but may be explained on the ground that the cross (of which the X is one form) is very closely associated with our Saviour's crucifixion, and is consequently taken as an abbreviated symbol of His name.

L. S. N.—The more movement of air will not alter the height of the mercury in a thermometer hung in a dry place. The cooling effect of such a blast of air on the human body is due to the moisture which it causes to evaporate. Of course, practically, a thermometer hung in a place exposed to the wind will mark lower temperatures than one in a sheltered position, as changes of temperature are usually caused by cold wind.

ALDIE.—The "Prisoner of Chillon" was Francois de Bonnivard, a Frenchman who resided at Geneva, Switzerland, and making himself obnoxious to Charles III., Duke of Savoy, by his political opinions, was imprisoned for six years in a dungeon of the Chateau de Chillon, a castle at the east end of the lake of Geneva. He was afterwards released by the Bernese, who were at war with Savoy. In Lord Byron's beautiful poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," two brothers, whom he supposes to be imprisoned with Francois, die from confinement, hunger, and suffering.

T. C.—You will run a great risk of living a very unhappy life by uniting yourself to a man who differs so much from you on the important subject of religion, and undoubtedly your wisest course would be to dismiss such a man from your mind. If this is impossible, and if you find that your happiness is already bound up in him, you must endeavor to win him to your way of thinking, not so much by argument or appeal, as by living in a way that will convince him that your beliefs have a real influence on your life, and make you kinder, gentler, and happier. Remember, too, that you may sometimes make mistakes.

T. I. R.—"Cantilever" is an architectural term signifying a bracket used to support a balcony. In a cantilever bridge there are two brackets opposite each other, each resting on a pier, the shore ends of the brackets resting upon and fastened down to another pier. The outer ends, projecting over the water, sustain a central span, merely resting upon them and free to respond to the changes in temperature. The idea may be illustrated by placing two chairs two feet apart; put a foot-rule on each chair, and hold the end down with a book. The rules will not meet in the centre, but by resting a third rule upon the projecting ends the bridge will be complete.

S. D. V.—The turquoise is a mineral of a beautiful sky-blue color. It is found principally in the mountains of Khorassan, in Persia, and competent authorities state that the Shah of that country appropriates all the finest specimens for himself, leaving only the poor ones to be taken away. In the East this stone is employed in ornamenting bridles, saddles, girdles, swords, and other trappings. It is used considerably in Europe and America by jewelers. There is a superstition connected connected with it to the effect that its color will fade if the giver prove unfaithful, but in reality it will often change if the stone is exposed to dampness.

GEORGE.—Your friend has evidently got his ideas on the subject of balloons from the small "fire balloons," which are filled with heated air, and which are left open at the bottom. The large balloons, filled with some light gas, preferably hydrogen, are closed entirely at the bottom, and the only openings left are closed by valves under the control of the aeronaut. If an opening were to be left in the bottom of the balloon, the gas would mingle with the air, owing to the law of diffusion, even while the balloon was standing perpendicularly, just as alcohol and water will gradually mix, even when the alcohol is carefully poured on the top of the water; and, besides this, every gust of air striking the balloon would drive out some of its contents.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

BY S. I.

Life is not lived by days nor yet by years:
These come and go, or haply, sometimes stay.
As Time his changes rings; and if To-day
Lingers relentlessly when fraught with fears,
If perfect harmonies and smiles it bears
In one short moment—Lo! 'tis Yesterday.
And reverently the joy or pain we lay
Safe in the Past's dear shrine with unshed tears.

So, when the deepest chords of Life vibrate
And quiver 'neath the master-hand of Fate
Or Ecstasy, our quickened breath we bate,
And listen, hoping that perchance some strain
Of heaven's own music soothe, ere 'tis too late,
The troubled waters of Life's boundless main.

Miss Edith's Conquest.

BY INA GARVEY.

THE ostensible motive for setting the bazaar project on foot was to make up the fund necessary to build new schools for Upstead Parish Church, the church scholars being in the unpleasant predicament of pursuing their studies in such a crazy old place that it threatened each day to tumble down and crush the young students as they gathered the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

That was the ostensible reason for holding the Upstead Bazarr and Fancy Fair.

But traitors in the Upstead camp whispered that there was another reason—even a mightier one—for getting up that bazaar, viz., to give the young ladies of Upstead an opportunity for displaying ravishing toilettes and enjoying unlimited flirtation.

And, of a surety, the zeal which the Upstead fair ones showed in promoting the bazaar, in working articles for it, in buying articles for it, in making numberless journeys to Burlington, the nearest large town, on missions connected with it, in meeting perpetually at one another's houses and discussing it as their needles flew: that zeal, I say, was greater than one would have expected such giddy young things to manifest only in the cause of education and with the object of "elevating the masses."

"Those poor dear school-children!" cried Flossie Middleton, of the Grange. "Of course they must have a new schoolroom. Oh, what fun the bazaar will be! What a lovely dress I shall have for it: I quite love those children for wanting a schoolroom!"

The weather was lovely summer. The bazaar was to be held in the large grounds of Upstead Rectory. The three Miss Simpsons, the Rector's daughters, naturally occupied a prominent place among the promoters.

And for visitors to the bazaar? Oh, the Upstead ladies had no fear that there would be any lack of visitors. It was to be but a one-day affair (an improvement in that respect upon most of its kind;) and though Upstead was but a small place, was not Burlington three miles off? And was not Burlington a garrison town?

Were not those dashing fellows, the Royal Scots Carbineers, quartered there? And might they not be seen any morning of the week marching through the streets, with their bagpipes playing, on their way to drill outside the town, and marching back to barracks at mid-day?

And were not the young ladies of Burlington constantly exercised in their minds whether to admire the elegant and gallant officers of the Carbineers most as they marched through the streets with their men in the mornings, in all the fascinations of military braiding and shouldered weapon; or as, later in the day, they lounged in the same streets in mufti, with their high, snow-white collars, perfectly-fitting clothes, killing hats and heart-breaking little canes? Burlington had promised to support the Upstead bazaar—that is to say, the most important part of Burlington the Royal Scots Carbineers, had promised. "Oh, they would certainly come. Most happy to do anything to help." The young ladies of Upstead went on working for the bazaar, and talking of it, buying for it; and at last the time for opening it drew near. And, lo! they could think of no one to perform that ceremony.

"We must have a Personage to open it," said the young ladies. "A titled Personage, if possible. It will be a failure if not properly opened!"

But every one of importance for miles round happened to be away; failure seemed inevitable, and all the fair promoters went into mourning.

But suddenly their mourning was turned to the liveliest joy. For the Earl of Peterscourt arrived on a visit to his place near Upstead. Upstead knew him not, for it was his first visit to Peterscourt since his accession, some months before, to the title—but it knew of him.

As a matter of fact, he was young, single, rich, a peer: as a matter of faith, he was handsome, charming, delightful, talented, the glass of fashion and the mould of form. He arrived at Peterscourt, near Upstead. A daring spirit on the Bazaar Committee suggested: "Ask him to open it." He was asked, humbly and respectfully, in a Committee letter in which the object of the bazaar and the perilous position of the parish school-children was dwelt on. He consented, in a polite note, to their request, and the Committee fell into raptures.

It was the day before the Grand Bazaar and Fancy Fair to be held in the grounds of the Upstead Rectory.

At about five in the afternoon Miss Edith Brunton, one of the leading spirits of Upstead and among the most zealous of the bazaar promoters, was in the drawing-room of Hazlewood Villa. Mrs. Brunton, an elderly widow, and of late years a confirmed invalid, lay on her sofa near one of the windows. Beatrice Brunton, nine or ten years older than Edith, sat working at the other window. This was the whole family—considered very nice people in Upstead, where they had lived a year and more.

The disparity in years between Beatrice and Edith was accounted for by Mrs. Brunton having lost three children, who had come between them, in infancy. Her husband had held a high military command in India, and the fatal climate had withered the three baby lives.

"Well, mamma and Beatrice, so you really think I shall do? You think I shall make a useful and attractive stall-holder? It doesn't much matter whether you think so or not—for the mirror tells me the same." And Edith Brunton twirled round and dropped a low curtsey to her lovely reflection in the glass. "That's the best of a fancy fair; you may put on anything you've a mind to and not look conspicuous or out of place."

The dress she wore was an exquisite India silk, light and soft as gauze, made artistically with a sacque back; and with her great, fantastic plumed hat, she certainly was a wonderful picture.

"Frank Lyndon says he knows he shall spend all his money at my stall," she laughed; "but he needn't be frightened; I shall waste very little of my sweetness on him and his brother-officers; there'll be higher game to bring down."

"Fie, Edith!" exclaimed Mrs. Brunton languidly. "You let your spirits run away with you, my darling. What do you mean?"

"Mamma, you know well enough what I mean. You know Lord Peterscourt opens the bazaar: I think it not improbable that the cigar-divan under my care may prove attractive to his lordship."

"What nonsense you talk, child," said her mother, looking admiringly at her.

"You know you don't really think so, mamma. You know you quite approve of my having registered a solemn vow to make a captive of Lord Peterscourt. As I said yesterday to Julia Croker, it is my turn now. Beatrice had her turn: a much jollier one than will fall to my share; years ago in India, when papa was alive and we were rich and important. Beatrice had the gayest of times then, and might have carried out her career brilliantly. I was a small child then in England in those days, but I wish my turn had come then—or that those days could come again. I think it's very hard that my turn came when papa had died, and mamma had turned immovable."

"I would rather you did not discuss me with Julia Croker or anyone else," said Beatrice, with gentle dignity, looking up from some embroidery she was finishing.

"Oh, dear me! I have no wish to discuss you, I'm sure! You're quite sufficiently in my way as it is. I often think it's a little hard for a girl to have to go about with a sister so much older than she is. It makes people think me older than I am. Just fancy! You are twenty-eight—quite an old maid!"

Beatrice said nothing. She rose, stepped through the open French window, and went away into the garden with her work.

"There goes my lady in a temper, I suppose," said Edith.

"I think, my darling," remarked the doting mother, "that you tease Beatrice a good deal about her age."

"Of course, I am always in the wrong! I wish I'd half the chance she's had. When she had so many opportunities years ago in India in papa's time, she might have established herself splendidly, and been a help to me now. Instead of which she's only a hindrance to my prospects—an old-maid sister! And all because she choose to set her heart on a poor lieutenant in the Lancers, who presumed to fall in love with General Brunton's daughter. Was Archie Milroy so very handsome mamma?" asked Miss Edith presently, tapping on the window-pane with the tips of her fingers, and looking out into the garden.

"I believe he was considered so—but there, don't speak to me of that wretched affair, child. I'm not strong enough to bear mortifying reminiscences. I only wish that girl had never seen him." And Mrs. Brunton sniffed at her vinaigrette.

"Well mamma, I'm going to make up to you for Beattie's foolishness and obstinacy. You shall have one daughter a credit to you. If Lord Peterscourt is like the generality of his sex, he shall not leave the Fancy Fair heart-whole to-morrow evening."

She was certainly a beautiful creature. The exquisite material and artistic shape of her gown set off her graceful figure to the utmost: the great hat, with its smoke-like floating feathers, seemed to heighten every charm of the fair face, with its large brown eyes, and its framing of rich, curling, golden-brown hair.

"And now I must run and take off my finery, or it wont look fresh to-morrow!" And she disappeared from the room.

After what we have just heard, it is scarcely necessary to premise that Edith Brunton was selfish, vain and ill-natured. She was in truth, one of those who, not content with possessing Nature's choicest gifts, must needs try to aggravate the unhappy lot of such of her sex as did not possess them.

Out in the full sunshine herself, she was not satisfied unless she had increased the discomfort of those who sat in the gloomy, chilly shade. Her own sex in general dreaded her.

With her great beauty of face and form, her cleverness, her capacity for saying the cruellest and most cutting things, her overweening and aggressive vanity, she was one before whom most young woman struck their colors; and though hating her, they must do it silently, for hatred of beauty is bad form, and always gets set down to jealousy.

What a contrast was Beatrice Brunton to her sister! Tall, stately, dark-haired Beatrice, with her handsome pale face and deep-blue eyes. Even in the first flush of her youth, admired and courted, she had been so kind and gentle—had never cared to triumph meanly over her plainer friends.

"Not so clever as Edith," had long been the verdict on her, and she had accepted it quietly and meekly. Not that Beatrice Brunton was wanting in spirit. Years ago her father and mother had had but too strong proofs to the contrary. Those were the days when Beatrice was surrounded with admirers. Gay times those.

Beatrice, a blooming beauty in her teens—Edith, a little child in England with her aunts—times in which fair Beattie never dreamed of later days in which an upstart sister, grown to womanhood herself, should gibe and goad at her as an old-maid."

And out of all her crowd of admirers Archie Milroy, a young Lieutenant in the Lancers, had won her heart. Archie, who, though well-connected, had nothing in the world but his good looks, his manly, faithful heart and his slender pay, had dared to fall in love with General Brunton's beautiful daughter. He was sent to the right-about by the General—an ambitious, worldly man—in such a fashion, that he was not likely to renew the attack. Only two more of those countless loving hearts that have been torn apart by Mammon.

But, though they could drive poor Beatrices lover away, they could not force her to take one to their liking. In spite of their anger and reproaches, she persisted in refusing the most advantageous offers.

When General Brunton's health failed, and the family came to England, Beatrice felt that her last hope of seeing Archie again was gone. The General had a six months' leave—but he took a much longer one, for he died in England. And the family's palmiest days died with him—a fact much fretted over afterwards by Miss Edith as most unfair to herself.

Mrs. Brunton had a good property of her own, and the General had some small private means: they were still very comfortably off. Mrs. Brunton, always a delicate woman, had been quite an invalid for the last few years. She required much nursing and assiduous attention, and this all fell to Beatrice.

"Beattie is fitted for that sort of thing," said Edith; or if she did not say it in so many words, thought it and acted it. "She doesn't feel it as she would if she were ten years younger. As she hasn't married, she must expect to have all that sort of thing to do. I have my career to make—it's not likely I'm going to lose my complexion and spoil my nerves waiting on an invalid—of course mamma wouldn't wish it. No—Beattie had her turn years ago in India—it's my turn now, a poor one enough compared with her's—but such as it is I must make the very most of it."

And so she went out and about, accepted this invitation and that, stayed with friends as often as they would have her—and left tall, stately, gentle Beatrice to do all the home-duties and to attend upon the mother whose thoughts were always with her darling Edith.

Beatrice was good and uncomplaining, and bore the burden of a life that must have been unhappy, bravely. But there were times when her heart failed a little—and the night before the Grand Bazaar and Fancy Fair was one of these.

Edith had been particularly trying to her all day—particularly rude and insulting; and the vain, bold speeches about the expected conquest of this much-talked-of Lord Peterscourt at to-morrow's bazaar had been almost intolerable to bear in silence.

"If she were married and away—if only she were married and away!" thought Beatrice, as she sat at her window that night and looked out into the summer darkness. "I am afraid it is wrong too feel so to a sister; but I seem sometimes as if I could not stand it much longer."

She sat musing at the window for some time—then rose and went to a small writing-case on a table, unlocked it, and from a private drawer drew a slip of paper which she gazed on long and sadly.

How well she remembered the finding in a bouquet, of that slip of paper—the only memento she possessed of her time of love and happiness—and the fluttering of heart it caused her.

There had been a little coolness between the as-yet-unconfessed lovers—a dance too many given to a rival, or some such trifle, its foundation—and when the flowers came she searched amongst them for a message, and her heart leapt as she discovered the note.

"Will you bring these flowers to the ball to-night? I shall know then that I am forgiven." Surely that time is not gone! She is still at the ball—the crash and wail of the brass music in her ears, the measured tread of the waltzers, and the rustle and sweep of the dresses: and she is flying round with the crowd, her nineteen-year-old heart throbbing with joy, her hand on someone's shoulder, and someone's dear voice whispering, "How can I thank you for bringing my flowers, and ending my misery by forgiving me?"

"No, no,; that night is gone, indeed; buried beneath many a hard, lonely year. The joyful girl-heart has long been a sorrowful one; the brightness of the girl-beauty is dimmed; and it is a pale, sad Beatrice that bends over that well-worn slip of paper and cries as she presses her lips to it: Archie—Archie! they were cruel to part us! We might have been so happy!"

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The Bazaar was in full swing. The grounds of Upstead Rectory were large and pretty. The principle stalls—lightly rigged-up canvass affairs—were in a long row; others were dotted about separately. Here were the three Miss Simpsons at the refreshment stall, driving a better trade than Miss Edith Brunton predicted they would do. Here was Miss Flossie Middleton from the Grange dispensing, with the aid of the three coadjutors, cut flowers, button-holes, bouquets, plants in pots and brilliant smiles to all and sundry.

Here was Miss Ledbury, a "Church-worker," indefatigable and undaunted, with a flopping hat and spectacles, presiding over a stall of needlework, and somewhat ignored by the mass of the visitors. Here was Mrs. Harding, the doctor's wife, at her stall of toys, assisted by her two little girls.

Here were many other stalls full of articles that no one ever could possibly require. Here, at last, but not least, was the little cigar-divan whose chief presiding goddess was Edith Brunton; and here was Edith in the midst of her enjoyment and her triumph.

All day the divan had been thronged with customers, and she had chattered and laughed with them to her own and their heart's content. But now—now, she had ears and eyes for none save one; now might the gay youths who stood round her counter draw off in despair.

A good-looking young man, dressed quietly but stylishly, had just purchased from her the daintiest of cigarette-cases, embroidered with forget-me-nots by her own hand and filled with the choicest "Khedives." He had given her a five-pound note in payment and declined any change; and she, in a flutter of joy and triumph over her last and longed-for conquest, was saying in soft tones, with the dark eye-lashes showing off to full advantage. "If you pay so handsomely for it, Lord Peterscourt, you must let me work your monogram or initials or something on it. I would try to do it very nicely."

The day wore on and the goods went off. In the slack intervals of business, fair stall-holders fled over to each other and compared their "takings." Dear Flossie ran over to dear Edith to ask what the latter's receipts amounted to: and it turning out that dear Edith's takings amounted to a good many pounds more than dearest Flossie's, dearest Flossie was profuse in her loving congratulations; went back to her stall in bitter ire, and was rude to old Dr. Simpson when he asked the price of a small, cheap plant in a pot.

The day wore on and the goods went off. The three Miss Simpsons got rather tired—were a little short with their hungry customers—and were downright hard on the two curates who were helping them, and who had almost paralysed their right arms cutting a great deal more bread-and-butter than was wanted.

And as the day wore on and the goods went off, a feeling became rife in the bosoms of several fair shop-keepers that Edith Brunton was an odious girl, that she had set her odious trap to catch that sweet, delightful, handsome Earl of Peterscourt! and, oh, crowning guilt and shame!—that she had succeeded! In which later opinion, Miss Edith, with a bright, hard, triumphant glance round at them all, and a smile that it maddened them to see and to have to return, fully coincided.

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"No, Beatrice. It is no use in asking me to go to bed. I must sit up till dear Edith's return. I want to hear all about the bazaar and how the dear child enjoyed herself."

Thus had Mrs. Brunton answered all her elder daughter's entreaties that she would retire, and thus she continued to answer though her bed-time was long past. From time to time she fell asleep on her sofa, and each time, on waking, she was crosser—not with the absent Edith, the cause of her fatigue, but with the good, gentle Beatrice, who had been her companion all day as usual, and for whom a visit to the gay scene in the rectory grounds had not been dreamed of.

At last Edith was heard outside saying good-night to a party of neighbors, and in another moment she had floated, all smiles and flushes and excitement, into the drawing-room.

"What! You two still up? Good gracious, Beattie! why didn't mamma go to bed at her usual hour?

"I wanted to see you, darling, on your return," said the mother, all her crossness and sleepiness vanished. "Tell me all about it, Edith."

Edith tossed off her great plumed hat, and fluttered up and down in front of the mirror, reviewing her charming and her lovely dress.

"And now for your congratulations," she cried, turning to her mother and sister. "All has gone off brilliantly. I've taken almost double what any of the other stall-holders have. The're all so jealous, and they hate me so, the dear things! And I've had the most glorious day that ever was."

"And—the Earl—was there?" questioned Mrs. Brunton.

Her daughter laughed gaily. "Yes, indeed! And I shouldn't have said I had a glorious day if I hadn't taken him captive, bound hand and foot, helpless and at my mercy."

"Edith!" remonstrated the admiring mother. Beatrice went on reading, and did not seem much interested in the account of the day's triumph.

"Mother it's all true! I've succeeded beyond my hopes. I've sent an arrow straight into his lordship's heart. He came—he saw—but I conquered,"

She sat down by her mother's sofa. Her mood was the gayest, and for once, she seemed inclined to leave Beatrice in peace.

"I don't wonder he admired you, child," said the widow, looking at the brilliant cheeks and eyes of her lovely daughter.

"It's something more than admiration," said the young lady, nodding wisely. "I can see that Lord Peterscourt is not a flirt, like Frank Lyndon or Captain Hansard, and when he seems as much interested in a girl as he was in me from the moment he was introduced, something is pretty sure to come of it. Mamma, we were quite like old friends before we parted. That stupid Lady Adamson had made him promise to dine with them, and carried him off almost by force—I know he hated going! But, as I said we were like old friends. I found myself telling him all about my affairs—that I had an invalid mother, and a sister a great many years older than myself—and how long we had lived at Upstead, and all about us—and there he was listening and leaning on my counter, and all the girls mad with jealousy. When I asked him how long he meant to stay at Peterscourt, he said, in a dreamy voice, 'I only came for a few days, but I shall stay longer than that now.' And oh, mamma he's coming to call to-morrow."

"To-morrow! so soon!" exclaimed the mother.

"Yes. He'll come of course, just about time for afternoon tea. My program is this: You, mamma, on your sofa (he knows you're an invalid) in your best dress and cap—the pink-and-gold tea-set on the gipsy-table—Beatrice in her lavender cashmere pouring out the tea—me, in one of my white muslin tea-gowns, with the blue let in under the lace insertion, seated gracefully on that sofa by the window, with a dainty piece of work or a book. That is what he is to see when he is shown in. He will bring his tea and sit by me on the sofa, and we shall keep up the conversation chiefly. You and Beattie can join in from time to time just to support me, you know. And before he goes, mamma, you'll find an opportunity to invite him at an early date. Beattie, you jealous thing; don't pretend you're absorbed in that book; why don't you look up and take some interest in the day's triumph? Though you're past all this yourself, you might have some sympathy, I should have thought, with my affairs."

"I hardly think you go the right way to win anyone's sympathy, Edith, since you ask me for mine," replied Beatrice.

"Well I'll not be so stupid as to ask you for yours again. What young girl can expect sympathy from a cross disappointed old maid?"

Beatrice looked at her quietly. "The unfailing gibe Edith. Supposed to be the bitter est there is, no doubt, and therefore always chosen. Thinking my lot a particularly hard and hopeless one, you do all in your power to make it more so. Well, it is the way of the world." And Beatrice left the room.

At about ten o'clock the following morning Beatrice Brunton, with gardening gloves on and a large apron over her fresh white morning gown, was in the little greenhouse that opened from the landing above the drawing-room flight of stairs at Hazelwood Villa. The ferns in the greenhouse were her care and pride. As she snipped and clipped and watered, the occupation and movement brought a color to her beautiful cheek and a lustre to her deep-blue eye; her dark curling hair strayed upon her forehead, and was plaited behind. Never, perhaps, had she looked fairer, even in the flush of her first youth.

A ring came at the bell while she was thus busy; but not heeding it she went on with her work, and was unaware that any visitor had been admitted below. A servant entered the greenhouse and announced Lord Peterscourt. Beatrice looked at her; threw down her gardening implements in astonishment. "Lord Peterscourt?" she ejaculated. "At this hour of the morning! How very strange! Where is Miss Edith?"

"In bed and asleep, miss," answered the maid.

Beatrice went to her sister's room and entered it. Edith lay smiling in her sleep, dreaming, perhaps, of the triumphs of the day before. But when roused and told of the visitor, she became suddenly as wide awake as if her eyes had not been closed for hours.

"Called at this hour of the day! What does he mean by it? What shall I do? If only I were dressed!" She proceeded rapidly with her toilette. "But to think of his being kept waiting! Beattie, help me at this pinch if you have any sisterly feeling. I know I'm nasty to you at times, but forget it all like a good Christian and stand by me now. You must go down, introduce yourself to him, and play the benevolent elder sister till I come. Talk to him, you know, in your staid, elderly way. You've quite a color this morning," she added, glancing rather grudgingly at the tinge in Beatrice's cheek.

"I've been gardening," said the latter. "I suppose I have no business with a color," and she laughed a little.

"Nonsense, Beattie! Dont be absurd."

"Well, if I must go down, I hope you'll come soon."

"As soon as ever I can. Thank you, Beattie. By the way, you might leave me that rose in your dress; it would just finish me off, and I haven't got time to get one for myself."

Beatrice smiled as she removed the red rose she wore from the body of her white dress, took off her gardening apron, and went downstairs.

She passed softly across the hall, entered the drawing-room, closing the door behind her. The sun-blinds were down before the windows, the room was shady. The summer breeze came in and shook the curtains.

Lord Peterscourt was standing by the table, his back towards her, bending over a photograph album. He had not heard her approach. Beatrice advanced.

"My mother wishes me to——"

Lord Peterscourt started—stood erect—turned his face to her.

"Archie! Is it—oh! is it really Archie?"

But before she had finished asking the wild question, two arms were clasping her close, and then a voice, long unheard, whispered: "Yes, dear and only love! It is Archie, who has found you at last, and is never going to be sent away from you again."

When their agitation and her wonder were a little subsided, she heard his story: How faithful he had been to her whose parents had driven him away from her—how, after she left India and returned with her father and mother to England, he had lost all tidings of her, save a rumor, two years later, of her marriage—how he had felt that no other woman could ever occupy his heart, and that her memory must be his only life-companion—how he had found life but a sorry business, and had half hoped when he served through the Afghan war that the dart so often hurled at his comrades might come his way. And, with regard to the earldom? Well, Archie Milroy had been far enough from it in those old Indian days, but the unexpected deaths of two cousins had made him heir to his great-uncle, the last earl. At the aged nobleman's request, his heir had come to England the preceding winter to pay him a visit; but when Archie arrived at the Earl's town-house in Berkeley Square, he found that his relative had had a stroke of paralysis, to which he succumbed a few days later, and Archie found himself a wealthy peer.

"But what was it all to me," with a desolate heart. I could only think, "if this had come years ago, they would have given her to me." All seemed hollow and empty. I took but small pleasure in my "honors" as they were called. I had often thought of cutting the world, and then when I came down to Peterscourt, and the people here asked me to open their bazaar, I sorely wanted to get out of doing it; but they seemed as if they would take no refusal, so I went. And there I saw a face like my lost love's—only not so lovely. It was your sister's. I was introduced to her; from her I learned that my lost darling was found again, and was still mine." (Poor Edith! So this was your boasted conquest!) "Beattie," and he looked tenderly and penetratingly into her violet blue eye, and his hand touched gently the fair cheek, "my gentle patient love. Perhaps I can guess a little of what you have had to bear."

Beatrice's eyes fell and her cheeks flushed; for it seemed as if he guessed in some mysterious manner, something of what she had suffered from Edith. She said nothing; only her drooping head lay on his heart; and presently she murmured: "Archie! Archie! have you really come back to me? Oh! the long, sad, lonely years that have come between us—how could I live them?" And her tears rained down for the sorrow that was past as much as for the joy that was present.

When Miss Edith fluttered down in her embroidered white frock, with the damask rose she had taken from her sister fastened in the bodice, her great brown eyes bright with excitement, and a smile of the sweetest welcome on her face, she received the greatest shock it had ever been her lot to suffer.

Her grand castle in the air, it seemed, had been jerry-built: as she stepped in to take up her abode there, it fell upon her and crushed her—crushed, let us hope, some of the vanity and conceit out of her.

To think that that this Earl's interest in her had been merely on account of her relationship to Beattie. To think that Beattie, who had heard all her boasts—Beattie, at whom she had jibed and jeered—was going to be the Countess, not herself. To think that——And here, shut into her own room, she broke down, and shed many bitter tears.

I own I am pleased at the picture she makes sitting there weeping—at the mortification she so richly deserved.

An Impediment.

BY J. C. C.

I REALLY think that I, Eva Hamilton, am the unhappiest girl in existence. I am engaged to marry a great stupid awkward creature, whom I have known for less than a month, and detest as if I had known him all my life; while Fred—you know you met Fred last summer—is staying in the same house, and can hardly speak a word to me, such is the devotion of my odious fiance."

The foregoing extract from a letter to a girl-friend represents the condition in which I found myself not very long after my nineteenth birthday.

As I now look back on what happened long ago, I wonder how it was that Gilbert Darien, "my odious fiance," managed to put up with my ill-temper and evident dislike for his company, not to mention my incessant flirtation—for I'm afraid I did flirt—with Fred.

Poor Gilbert! He certainly was awkward—one of those big men who cannot move without upsetting something, whether it be a valuable china vase or your equanimity; with a heavy colorless face, and nothing characteristic about him save the difficulty he always experienced in disposing of his hands, which is not, however, uncommon amongst men.

To these shortcomings must be added his method of breathing; it was stertorous, and could be heard at a distance of twenty yards. But I oughtn't to abuse it, seeing that it often gave us warning in our stolen interviews of his approach, and became ultimately the means of my release from him.

I was not much over nineteen when one day my father addressed me at breakfast: "Eva, Mrs. Darien wants us to go there on the 5th." This apparently innocent remark nearly annihilated me.

The long-expected blow had fallen at last. Shortly after his return from India, my father who was little better than a stranger to me, had thrown out certain ominous hints as to the expediency of my getting married; and then one fine day informed me outright that it was his wish to see me happily wedded to the son of his old friend Darien.

I was unnaturally aghast. Not to mention a "prior attrahment," I had never even seen Gilbert. How could I marry an utter stranger? How could I throw over Fred because he had only four hundred pounds a year, while his unknown rival had four thousand?

I had no mother to confide in, and had not the courage to confess all to my respected parent, who had returned from India a broken-down invalid, whose one object in life was, as he informed me some twenty times a day, to see me happily married, to the son of his old friend. "Happily married, forsooth, to a man one detests," I bitterly exclaimed, perhaps rather unfairly, as I had never seen Gilbert, who, for aught I knew, might have been an Adonis as well as a future Croesus, though, from my father's significant silence as to his personal appearance, I had my doubts.

At all events, one thing was certain, and that was that I was not going to give up Fred; and with this resolution I sat down and wrote him a long letter to him, in which I set forth my woes. When I received Fred's answer, I was agreeably surprised to find that the Dariens were not strangers to him, as he had stayed with them as a friend of a younger brother of Gilbert's.

"There is something," he wrote, "fishy about Gilbert. The fellow never leaves home, and is about as ill-bred a hippopotamus as I have ever met. The idea of your marrying him!" And here followed a long diatribe on my father and on what he called the "cussedness" of things in general, and his financial affairs in particular. However, there was a crumb of comfort at the end of his letter, and that was contained in the information that he would fish for an invitation to Darien Hall while we were there.

My curiosity was excited by the mystery, the "something fishy" about the man whom my father had chosen to be my future husband. Was he subject to fits of madness? Was he a klepto- or dipso- or anything else horrid ending in o-maniac? I determined to cross-question my father, and that evening I set about the task.

I ultimately succeeded in eliciting the following information. "That Gilbert was the image of his poor father" ("The fright!" I mentally ejaculated, for I had seen a photo of the poor father, in big baggy white trousers, the legs crossed, and regarding with a wondering smile—as well as he might—an enormous misshapen silk hat); "that he very rarely left his home, having been educated there by private tutors" ("keepers," I exclaimed to myself); "that Darien Hall had the reputation of being haunted; that it was my father's one wish in life to see me happily married to the son of his dear old friend; and that he (my father) wished I would not pester him with my idiotic questions." This last because I asked if Gilbert's eyes were blue (Fred has the most charming blue eyes you ever saw).

My father and I arrived at Darien Hall late one evening; and a single glance showed me that my worst fears were realised. The photograph of my father's "dearest friend" might have been a portrait of the Apollo Belvedere compared to the dearest friend's son, to whom, however, it bore a striking resemblance with regard to the inane smile, a smile which, in addition to his general sheepish manner, told me plainly that Gilbert was aware of our respective parents' plans that we two should come together.

The next morning there was a kind of solemn betrothal scene, at which Mrs. Darien and my father officiated, and during which Gilbert, like the person in the nursery rhyme, continued to smile—perhaps at my misery.

The following three days I spent in coyly repelling the advances of my prospective husband. I was only sustained by the thought that soon Fred would arrive, and the hope that he would find some method of relieving me from my painful position.

Gilbert had the impertinence to remark that he hoped I should like young Fred Halliwell, though, between ourselves, he was "rather a prig." Finally, Fred arrived, and was solemnly introduced to me as an utter stranger. One of the few occasions on which I saw Gilbert's smile dry up was when he noticed how rapidly I got on with a man whom, as he thought, I had just met for the first time.

The days went by and my position grew more and more hateful. More than once I determined to make a clean breast of it to my father; but I could never screw up my courage to pay such an insult to the memory of his dearest friend as to decline to marry his son. Moreover, though I had attained the age of nineteen, I had, strange to say, the remnants of a conscience, which from time to time gave me horrible mental tweaks for what it was pleased to call my double-facedness, I being practically engaged to two men at the same time. But what excuse could I give my father for breaking off my engagement to Gilbert? It would not have been the slightest use to plead that I didn't love him, or to find fault with his mental or bodily features; while to confess that I was in love with Fred would have resulted in obtaining that penniless youth his congé from Darien Hall.

Fred in the happy-go-lucky way which is one of his chief failings ("No, I'm not," is here interposed in the manuscript which I gave my husband to correct)—Fred, I repeat, with a Micawber-like trust in the future, insisted that something would turn up sooner or later, and that we had better wait till that sooner or later, and spend our time meanwhile in making the best of it, which we did so effectually, that even the long-suffering Gilbert suddenly took it into his head to remonstrate with me on my manner to "that fellow Halliwell."

One morning during breakfast Fred bestowed upon me a series of mysterious nods and winks, which evidently meant that he had something important to tell me. He aroused my curiosity by whispering in my ear as he passed me a cup of coffee: "I have found out why he never leaves home."

After breakfast, I despatched Gilbert to look for a pair of gloves, which I happened to have in my pocket, and followed Fred into the garden. Leading me out of sight of the house, he delivered himself of the following oracular and unintelligible remark: "He has epileptic fits."

"Good gracious! How did you find out?"

"Well," said Fred, who was radiant with joy at his discovery, "I'll tell you. You know I went up early to roost last night, and when I got into my room my candle blew out. I couldn't find the matches anywhere; so I went off to Gilbert's room, glad of an opportunity to see the inside of it, for he keeps a fellow out of it as carefully as if it were a Bluebeard's cupboard, with dead wives all hanging about. There was no one there; so I walked straight in, saw a luminous box of matches, struck a light, and looked round. The walls were all padded! Fred paused in triumph.

"Is that all?" I cried.

"All indeed! Why don't you see? It's as clear as daylight. He's subject to fits, and throws himself over the place, and the walls are padded so that he can't hurt himself."

Fred's argument seemed plausible enough; and if his conjecture was correct, here was a splendid manner of convincing my father of the impossibility of my marriage with Gilbert.

"Why, it's a clear case of just cause and impediment," cried Fred. "Even four thousand pounds per annum can't make up for those fits. Why, he might bite you in one of them, and give you hydrophobia, and then there'd be the fat in the fire with the vengeance."

But if he was subject to fits, why had he never had them during the time we had been in the house? He had never failed, as we knew to our cost, to put in an appearance in what happened to be going on each day, and usually behaved, as Fred reluctantly allowed, "like a Christian." Finally, in our ignorance of matters medical in general and fits in particular, we decided that he only had them by night, and that this was the reason why he never slept away from home.

After much consideration, we determined with reluctance that the only way to discover the true state of affairs was for Fred to conceal himself in Gilbert's room and find out if our conjecture was correct.

I scarcely slept a wink on the night on which Fred had settled to put his project into execution, expecting every minute to hear piercing shrieks from the remote quarter of the house in which they slept. However, nothing occurred to disturb me; and meeting Fred before breakfast, as we had arranged, in the garden, I overwhelmed him with a flood of questions. "Did he frighten you much? How did you manage to hide? Is he very violent? Does he foam at the mouth?"

After a tantalising and to me, inexplicable fit of laughter, Fred told me what had happened. "I managed to hide myself in a wardrobe in his room, and after what seem a fearful time, Gilbert came up and began to undress. Good Heavens! You should see the way that fellow ogles himself in the glass; why, he's nearly as bad as you—as a girl, I mean. Well, I was in an awful funk that he'd open the wardrobe, but he didn't; and at last he got into bed without having shown the slightest symptoms of having a fit. I can tell you I was disappointed, and determined to wait till he was asleep, and then leave the room. I must have dozed off, for suddenly I woke with a fearful start, at what I thought was a clap of thunder, about an inch from my ear. In three seconds I had found out the secret of the padded walls: he snores like a steam-worked fog-horn!"

* * * * * *

Fred was right. This was the terrible swamy side to the silver lining of four thousand pounds a year.

We had a certain delicacy about informing my father of the one failing of his dearest friend's son, so we had recourse to stratagem. We managed to contrive that Gilbert and my father should be boxed up together for a ten-mile drive home from a ball in the neighboring county.

We left Darien Hall the next day.

"I assure you, my dear, that young fellow cracked the marriage window, not to mention the drum of my ear, with his snoring. I could not think of your marrying such a man. His poor father never did such a thing."

Agreeably Surprised.—He was taking his first meal at his new boarding house, and there was some evidence that he didn't like it.

"Waiter," he said, "bring me some hash."

"Some what, sir?" asked the waiter politely.

"Some hash. Don't you know what hash is?"

"No, sir, we don't have it here."

"Can't I get it, if I want it?" he asked dictatorially.

"No, sir. If you want hash you'll have to go somewhere else."

"Well, bring me some prunes, then," he said, changing the subject.

"Haven't any prunes, sir," responded the waiter.

"No prunes?"

"No, sir."

"Can't I get prunes here, either?"

"No, sir, not here."

The new boarder was becoming excited. "Tell the landlady to come here," he commanded.

The waiter brought in the landlady.

"I am informed, madam," he said, "that I can get neither hash nor prunes in this house."

"You have been correctly informed," she admitted, with some trepidation, for he looked like a man who could pay.

"Am I to understand that those dishes will not be served here under any circumstances?"

"That's the invariable rule, sir."

"Very well, very well," he said, "I'll see you after this meal and pay you for a year's board in advance."

Losing and Forgetting.—A successful business man said there were two things he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely—"Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything."

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to; I shall make no provisions for such an occurrence; you must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thought in the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do anything he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting.

If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered he pinned it down in his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me he forgets to do something, I tell him he might as well say, 'I do not think enough of my business to take the trouble to think of it again.'"

I once had a young man in my employ, said another gentleman, who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important duty to say, "I forgot." I told him that would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of three years he was utterly changed in that respect.

Plain and Reasonable Knowledge.—A sound and strong statement of what is right, and why it is right, of what is wrong, and why it is wrong, is a most needful foundation for any other moral or religious training that may follow with the young. From the lack of this plain and reasonable knowledge comes much of the confusion of mind which fails to detect the sophistry with which self-interest will plead against the calls of honor and of duty. People drift into wrong doing of every kind far oftener than they deliberately plunge into it, and the lack of a clear conception and a thorough comprehension of its nature from the beginning is frequently the first cause. How this want can best be supplied, as a fitting preparation for life's arduous and responsible duties, is a matter worthy the consideration of every well-wisher of the rising generation. Hitherto it has been strangely neglected; but, if the conviction of its great importance be once firmly implanted in our hearts, suitable methods to promote it will not be long in following. No one, whether in the home, the school, or elsewhere, who has the care of the young can avoid a share of obligation in this matter.

Inaction.—Great evils result from physical inaction. It is well known that through the whole human system strength and development come only by exercise. Every unused muscle shrinks in size and loses its force, and the man or woman who lives chiefly a life of passive repose will gradually lose the power as well as the desire for activity. This however is by no means the whole of the evil involved. The connection between the mind and the body is very intimate, and the mental faculties cannot obtain their full power, nor the character attain its highest excellence, unless the body be kept in healthful condition by salutary exercise. Pure air and regular physical exertion are necessary in order to think clearly, to decide wisely, to reason acutely, to plan with discretion, and to execute with vigor. Strength of will depends largely upon strength of muscle, and he who is weak and flabby in the latter will in all probability by feeble and irresolute in the former.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mrs. P. V. M. Rice-Raymond, Director of the Oratorio Society, in Lincoln, Neb., is believed to be the first woman in this country to direct an oratorio with orchestra.

A druggist of Atlanta, Ga., has invented a contrivance to prevent serious mistakes in filling prescriptions. His invention is a bottle, just like others, except in one particular. It has a glass stopper covered with innumerable sharp points that sensibly prick the hand if one is not careful in removing it from the bottle. All poisonous and dangerous drugs are to be kept in bottles like this. The peculiar contrivance will make the druggist careful, no matter how great his hurry, and if he is made to be cautious in handling bottles he will make few mistakes in filling prescriptions.

A second is the smallest division of time in general use, and when we consider that in one year there are about 31,558,000 of these periods it would certainly seem as if it was small enough for all practical purposes. But, after all, a good deal can happen even in a fraction of a second. A light-wave, for instance, passes through a distance of about 185,000 miles in this length of time. A current of electricity has probably an even greater speed. The earth itself moves in its orbit at a rate of about 20 miles a second, thus far exceeding the fastest railroad trains on its surface. A tuning fork of the French standard vibrates 870 times per second to produce the note A on the treble staff.

A Manchester tradesman who attempted a little bit of "realistic" advertising has just had a rather unpleasant experience. He is the proprietor of a certain cattle food, and it occurred to him to send out two horses, one a fine sleek, powerful animal, the other a miserable, abject and depressed scarecrow of a horse. The first horse bore a placard announcing that it had been fed on Mr. Blank's condiment; the other accounted for its wretched condition by the announcement on a placard that it had not had the advantage of that special food. Unfortunately for the advertiser, the attention of the police was very properly drawn to the wretched animal in the shafts, and they brought the owner before the magistrates on the charge of "working" the poor creature in an unfit condition, and he was fined a guinea and costs.

Photography is being applied with great success in the direction of the falsification of handwriting. The picture can always be enlarged, and erasures and alterations can be seen more plainly than in the original. A remarkable fact is that the photographic sight is infinitely keener than human eyesight, and brings out distinctly differences in inks which cannot be perceived by the eye. This difference can be considerably intensified by the use of suitably colored light and color sensitive plates. In this manner marked differences in the various inks can be clearly demonstrated. Captain Abney, the Chairman of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, states that he once examined an engraving which was reputed to be of value, and by means of photography he was able to bring out the original signature under a spurious one, which had been added. The picture turned out to be worthless.

The following letter appeared in a prominent New York paper of recent date: There is one of the pensioners of the Government who thinks he has got his money easily. He lives in Berkshire county, Mass., and tells the story of how he came to apply for a pension with great glee, not once stopping to think that the honesty of his proceeding might be questioned. He is a young man, and the close of the war enlisted as a drummer-boy and went to the front. He only got as far as Baltimore when peace was brought about, and the regiment went back to Massachusetts; that was the whole extent of his service. It was not long ago that he was approached by a pension agent, who advised him to apply for a pension. He scouted the idea, saying that he had not done anything to be paid, and he was in earnest about it. The agent kept at him, however, and told him that the money was there in the Treasury, and that he might just as well have it as to let it lie there unused. Finally this drummer-boy, who had never seen any service whatever, put in his application and it was granted. This is only one case which has come under my observation, and there probably are many of like character.

Our Young Folks.

THE DUTCH DOLL WENT.

BY S. M. C.

"SHALL we say two shillings?"

"Better say half-a-crown: it sounds so much more."

"But that will quite empty our money-boxes," said Jimmie, rather reluctantly. "And you know there are three birthdays next month."

"It can't be helped," replied Alice. "We have got to find out what becomes of Dolly every night, somehow. No, that won't do; you have made her nose too big," she added, glancing over her brother's shoulder as he drew a portrait of the old Dutch doll which had been in the family since Alice was a baby.

"It's difficult to make a nose small enough when you can hardly see it," replied Jimmie. "Whatever nose the poor thing had once upon a time has been rubbed off. There, that will do, I think," he added. "Now, Miss Anna Maria, go to bed, and don't worry us any more."

"Whoever has borrowed our doll every night, will you please not do it again, and we will give half-a-crown to anyone who finds out who has done it." A neat little sketch of Anna Maria's expressionless face and mop-like head followed.

Jimmie and Alice nailed this notice on the garden gate, and then went off for their usual evening ramble.

The Maitlands had taken an old farm-house for two months instead of going to the seaside, and were enjoying the change heartily. But, as you all know, a very little thing will sometimes spoil great happiness; and during the week before our tale begins the two children had been very much upset by finding that Anna Maria's frocks grew strangely dirty, her hair more ruffled than ever, and her general appearance sticky and unpleasant.

"And it ain't no wonder, miss," said the housemaid, "if you will leave her about so. I must say that it ain't no business of mine, but it is strange you should be so different here to what you always was at home. Of course I knows you are above dolls yourself now, but for Miss Wilfreda's sake I'd have thought you'd have taken more care of poor Anna Maria!"

"What do you mean?" said Alice. We have her out most days, because Master Jimmie likes to practise taking portraits, and I can't sit still as long as he wants, so he does Anna Maria in all sorts of funny positions; but we always put her away."

Jane tossed her head a little disdainfully; she did not like excuses. "All I can say, miss, is that I've found that doll in a different place every morning this week. One day it was on the window-sill, another day it was on the floor, and actually once it was in the fender, just as if someone had flung it there in a rage. Of course it's only a doll, miss, but somehow you've had it that long that it seems like as how it could feel—and I call it cruel, that I do. I'll be glad when Miss Wilfreda comes home again, and takes it to bed with her every night."

These words had set the children thinking, and one night, when everyone had gone up to bed, Alice and Jimmie came out of their rooms in dressing-gowns and slippers to look for poor Anna Maria. She was not to be found anywhere, although Alice remembered distinctly putting her in her cradle just under the window-seat as usual before she went to bed at eight o'clock.

This strange disappearance of the family doll caused great excitement, and everybody resolved to keep a watch, while Anna Maria was to be left in the usual place.

The children stayed out rather late the evening after writing the advertisement, and it was almost dark as they opened the gate and ran up the path.

"What's that, father?" exclaimed Jimmie suddenly, pointed to some thick laurel bushes.

"A rabbit, I suppose. I must tell John to shoot some; they will overrun the place if we do not take care."

Just as they went in at the front door the "rabbit," which had two legs instead of four, scrambled through a gap in the hedge, and ran along the road to the village, with something limp and white and long under its arm.

"Let's see if Anna Maria is safe," said Alice as they passed the play-room door. "You saw me put her in the cradle yourself, Jane," as the housemaid went in front to light a candle.

"Yes, miss; and I locked the door as I came out and it's locked still, you see."

An exclamation of surprise came from everyone's lips; the window was wide open and the doll's cradle was empty: Miss Anna Maria had evidently been borrowed again!

"Well, that do beat all!" cried Jane, as the draught blew her candle out. "I beg your pardon, miss, for a-blaming of you the other day. It's certain someone wants that doll at night, and brings it back in the morning. But they'll have to get up rather early to be before me to-morrow. If I aren't in this room first I'll know the reason why. And they shan't get in at the window no more, at all events, with they stupid gimcrack country fastenings"; and the angry housemaid closed the door-like window with a bang, put the catch down, and tied a piece of string so cleverly that it was impossible for anyone to open it from the outside.

But if you had been in the play-room at half-past five o'clock the next morning you would have seen Jane standing with hands uplifted and staring eyes. There lay poor Anna Maria on the table with her head in the sugar-basin.

"Well I never!" she said, with a gasp of surprise, and when a peal of laughter made her turn round to the children, who had followed her silently, she suddenly flared up.

"I do believe it's your doing, after all, Master Jimmie. There ain't no other way into this room but by the door. What do you play such tricks for?"

But both children solemnly denied knowing anything about Anna Maria's disappearance. They said very little on the subject that day, but as evening came on a certain restlessness would have told any one who had watched them narrowly that there was some plot on hand. Mr. and Mrs. Maitland had gone to London for two days, so there was no one to interfere with them. They went to their rooms as usual at eight o'clock, but after the servants had settled down to their supper at half-past, they came quietly down the stairs, and slipped into the play-room, locking the door from the inside.

"Shall we fasten the window?" whispered Jimmie. "No, we'd better leave it open. We can get out more easily if we want to. Light the lantern and turn it dark, so that it doesn't show, and we will lie on the floor and watch."

They had not been there many minutes when there was a stealthy sound at the window, and a bottle, which Jimmie had purposely placed on the sill, went down with a crash. Dead silence again, while the children hardly dared to breathe, then the unseen visitor, finding no one took any notice of it, vaulted lightly on the window-seat, leant down, and took the doll from its cradle. As he did so, Jimmie reached forward, and guided by sound—for it was now almost dark—seized hold of the first part of the intruder he could reach. It happened to be his leg, and giving it a violent tug, robber, doll, and captor were in an instant in a heap on the floor.

"Get the light, quick!" cried Jimmie: and as Alice turned the lantern round it fell upon a wild-looking lad about ten, whom they had often seen working on the farm.

"Don't be angry with me," he cried; "my little sister is dying. We're dreadfully poor, and I'd told her about your great big doll. She couldn't sleep well, and mother's no time to sing to her and pet her much, so I thought I'd borrow your doll, and see if that wouldn't comfort her. Now she won't go to sleep without it. But yer will let me take it, won't yer?" he pleaded, with great tears standing in his eyes. "The doctor says she won't last long, so it won't be for many more nights. Do let me take it; she will cry so badly."

Someone else was crying badly too, and that was Alice, while Jimmie was sniffing at his pocket-handkerchief, and trying to look as if he didn't care, but his voice was very shaky as he said—

"Get along, quick, and take the doll with you, and don't bring it back to-morrow morning. Mother will come and see you."

But Alice had all a girl's curiosity; she wiped her eyes, and stopped the villager as he was getting through the window.

"Tell me how you put the doll back yesterday morning," she said.

"I threw it down the chimney," was the reply. "I've been there heaps of times myself after the birds' nests"; and then he vanished.

The children held the lantern up the old-fashioned fire-place, and then they saw that the chimney was big enough to hold two boys if it need be, and as that part of the farm-house was built out and had no floor above it, it was easy enough for anyone to climb on the roof and slip down, if he did not mind torn clothes and dirty hands.

You will be glad to know that the sick child did not die, though she was ill for many weeks. All that time Miss Anna Maria lay by her side or in her arms, and the doctor said he believed she did as much good as his medicine.

And Alice and Jimmie? They missed their old favorite, but they felt a quiet joy and happiness which come to all who give up what they most prize to someone who needs it more. As to Wilfreda, the half-crown out of the money box bought her a golden-haired beauty whom she loved as dearly as Alice had loved the old Dutch doll.

OUR CIGAR.—Some years ago a Spaniard from Cuba came to England to be treated for a disease of the lungs. He went to Doctor X., described his symptoms, and put himself in the doctor's hands.

"Well," said the doctor, "if I undertake your cure, I shall be obliged to impose one condition—and that is rather a hard one to comply with."

"What is it?" said the Cuban.

"That you entirely cease smoking until I give you permission to resume."

"Never! I'd rather let the thing kill me. What pleasure is there in life if one cannot smoke?"

The doctor was a smoker himself, and felt some sympathy; so he said, "Well, perhaps that is beyond your power. But you must solemnly promise me to smoke but one cigar per day, or I will not undertake your case."

The Cuban promised, for it was his only chance.

Four or five days afterwards the doctor thought he would call upon him as he passed his house. He walked upstairs—knocked. "Come in!" The Cuban was before him, with a cigar eighteen inches long and of proportionate thickness. He confessed that he had had the specimen made to order.

GLOOMY THOUGHTS AND GLOOMY WEATHER.—Dull, depressing, dingy days produce dispiriting reflections and gloomy thoughts, and small wonder when we remember that the mind is not only a motive but a receptive organ, and that all the impressions it receives from without reach it through the media of senses which are directly dependent on the conditions of light and atmosphere for their action, and therefore immediately influenced by the surrounding conditions.

It is a common-sense inference that, if the impressions from without, reach the mind through imperfectly-acting organs of sense, and those impressions are in themselves set in a minor pathetic key of color, sound, and general qualities, the mind must be what is called "moody." It is not the habit of even sensible people to make sufficient allowance for this rationale of dulness and subjective weakness.

Some persons are more dependent on external circumstances and conditions for their energy than others; but all feel the influence of the world without, and to this influence the sick and the weak are especially responsive. Hence the varying temperaments of minds changing with the weather, the outlook, and the wind.

A SLY WIDOWER.—A rich old widower in Canada is said to have practised a very artful scheme to gain the hand of the belle of the village. He got an old gipsy to tell the young lady's fortune in words which he dictated as follows: "My dear young lady, your star will soon be hid for a short time by a very dark cloud, but when it reappears it will continue to shine with uninterrupted splendor until the end of your days. Before one week a wealthy old widower, wearing a suit of black and a fine castor hat, will pay you a visit and request your hand in marriage. You will accept his offer, become his wife, and be left a widow in possession of all his property before the close of this year. Your next husband will be the young man of whom you think most at present." Three days after, the old gentleman, dressed in the manner described by the gipsy, presented himself to the young lady, and the marriage followed. The year is more than out, but the tough old widower still lingers.

GOOD HABITS.—Habits of temperance, economy, truthfulness, honesty, generosity, once thoroughly engrafted upon the life of an individual, will accomplish for him what years of seeking and effort without them would fail to produce. They will open wide for him the gates of success, of honor, of respect, of affection, through which so many seek in vain to enter. Working spontaneously and almost unconsciously, as they will after constant and intelligent culture, they release the power that produced them for still higher efforts: they form a foundation on which to build, without fear of overthrow, all the finest traits of excellence; they prepare the way for progressive virtue and for the beauty of goodness which is so rare, but so admirable.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Illinois militia has a bicycle corps.

Goldsboro, N. C., has a melon weighing 30 pounds.

Atlanta, Ga., is to have a park for colored people.

One inch of rain means 100 tons of water on every acre.

There are 23 acres of land to every inhabitant of the globe.

Eight young quails were lately hatched by a St. Clair, Mo., hen.

Many telegraph lines are now extended into the heart of Africa.

Ten million nerve fibres are said to be found in the human body.

Forty-three Popes reigned during the building of St. Peter's, Rome.

Ware county, Ga., has a fruit freak in the shape of a twin watermelon.

Sixty dollars is the yearly salary of the Mayor of Sweet Springs, Mo.

Patrick Shea, who lives near Bellefontaine, Ohio, has fasted for 60 days.

Out in Missouri a man ate 11 pintes of ice cream. He died a week afterwards.

A pet rattlesnake at New Smyrna, Fla., committed suicide by biting itself.

A Chicago merchant exhibits a pair of five Japanese babies in his front window.

Dothan, Ala., has a mare that has given birth to three mule colts within a year.

A limb of a Missouri pippin apple tree two feet long, has 32 well-developed apples on it.

It is said a patent is in process of completion for utilizing the force of the sea-tide.

A resident of Mount Sterling, Ky., has been struck by lightning four times and is still living.

Europe consumes about $30,000,000 worth of gold and silver yearly for plate, jewelry and ornaments.

In the Brooklyn directory for 1893 there are 3300 Smiths. The Philadelphia list numbers more than 3700.

In the Highlands the aristocracy are now making a point of having their children taught the native language.

Cobb county, Ga., has a corn cob shaped like a human hand, having four well defined fingers and a thumb.

The maximum speed of the fastest passenger elevators which have ever been made is 1500 feet per minute.

Within the last six months 150 people were killed by cars on the streets of Chicago, and 450 were maimed for life.

A French artist has succeeded in photographing a flying insect. The time of exposure was but 1 250th of a second.

The gavel used by the People's Party at its convention was made from the first homestead entry in the United States.

Before you get in too big a hurry to get rich sit down for a few moments and watch a fly that has got stuck fast in honey.

The best class of oyster comes from the smallest creeks, while they increase in coarseness the further they are found out at sea.

There is something in a name. Colored excursionists in New York refused to embark on a pleasure craft named "The Blackbird."

Probably the heaviest rudder on record is that made for the torpedo boat Vulcan. It was forged in a single piece, and weighs 21 tons.

A Mississippi man who brought suit against a railroad company for the value of a ticket which he bought and was unable to use, won his case.

The organist at a Cardiff church found several of the keys soundless, and upon examination found that six birds had built their nests in the pipes.

There is a frame house in Lawrence, Kan., that is 6 feet long, 6 feet wide and 6 feet high. It has 6 windows with 6 panes of glass, and shelters a family of 6 people.

While fishing in the Grand Surrey canal an Englishman caught, with his hook and line, a handbag containing a number of gold rings and about $100 worth of gold and silver coins.

By running a hack in connection with his eating house, and conveying passengers from the station and giving them a meal for a quarter, an enterprising negro at Albany, Ga., is fast getting rich.

Near Tallahassee, Fla., a large wolf came up to a farm house, and after killing a young puppy tackled the old dog. After a fight lasting nearly 20 minutes the dog succeeded in killing the wolf.

With nearly 7000 saloons—375 of them on one street—and 30 theatres, all open on Sunday, Chicago doesn't care very much whether the World's Fair be open on Sunday or not. Those 7000 saloon men naturally want a back at the visitors at least one day in the week without opposition.

THE SHADOWED WAY.

BY W. A. S. BURGESS.

With sunset glory glowing
  Were hill and sky and sea;
The night-wind soft was blowing,
  It whispered low to me.

And old hopes almost blighted
  By Sorrow's trembling tears,
Once more with glory lighted
  The Pathway of the years.

They came, 'mid evening splendor,
  That shone across the sea;
And Love, with look so tender,
  Again did beckon me.

And far the stretching ocean
  Of sunset, trembling gold,
Reflected my emotion—
  The soul-deep thoughts of old.

It passed, and glory faded
  From hill and sky and sea;
The Pathway, deeply shaded,
  Was all it left to me.

CRIMINALS IN THE PAST.

We have less definite information about the punishment of criminals in ancient times than about any other portion of their public and private economy. Such particulars as have come down to us relate chiefly to the treatment of prisoners of war. These were employed by the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, and the Persians on the great public works, such as palaces, temples, cities, and roads; the Pyramids, Nineveh, and Persepolis were thus constructed.

One of the kings of Assyria returned from a single campaign with more than two hundred thousand prisoners, and they were immediately set to work in this way. Diodorus Siculus tells us that in Egypt offenders against the law, as well as prisoners taken in battle, were employed in mining for stone, and were treated with the utmost rigor and barbarity.

They were bound in fetters, and obliged to work so hard that the greater proportion speedily succumbed under the strain. No rest or indulgence was granted to the sick, the feeble, or the aged, and all were compelled, by blows and ill-treatment, to labor to the extreme limit of human endurance. No attention was paid to their persons, and they were all driven to their work with the lash, until death intervened to put an end to their sufferings. In the history of Greece and Rome it is difficult to find any distinction between the treatment of the slaves and that of criminals; both were set to heavy outdoor labor and treated with brutal harshness.

Coming down to more modern times, the most common form of dealing with criminals in France for many centuries was condemning them to the galleys or galeres. Philip the Fair (1285-1314) appears to have been the introducer of this system, and from his day until well into the present century it continued in vogue.

The galleys were huge rowing-vessels, often containing several banks of oars, which were largely used for the transport of soldiers and military stores. The labor of rowing was very heavy; and as scant consideration was shown to the prisoners, they frequently died from the excessive exertions to which they were compelled.

To prevent the possibility of escape, each man was fastened by chains to the oar at which he labored, a practice which gave rise to the still familiar expression, "chained to the oar." Convicts undergoing this punishment were also branded in early times.

Closely connected with the establishment of the galleys are to be found the rudiments of a penal institution known as the bagne or bagnio. This name was derived from a prison in Constantinople which contained a central alley where large quantities of water were gathered for the baths; from this circumstance the Italians called the prison bagnio or bath, and the name soon became a generic one for all prisons of the same kind.

The labor imposed upon the inmates was very severe, and they were constantly under strict discipline, in addition to being chained and heavily ironed. When the galley system was introduced into France, bagnios were built for the accommodation of the rowers when not employed at the oars, and they continued in use for centuries; indeed, it was only so recently as 1854 that they were finally abolished.

Another class of prisons in which labor formed no part of the punishment were those of which the Bastille, the Conciergerie, La Force, and La Salpetriere were noted examples; and their inmates were a motley crew of political offenders, debtors, vagabonds, and thieves.

They were either kept in dungeons, called cachots, oubliettes, and cabanons, without sufficient air, space, food, or clothing; or were allowed to congregate, play games, and to purchase superior accommodation and food, in both cases, however, leading lives of enforced idleness.

The evils of this state of things were perceived some time before the Revolution, and led to a gradual abandonment of the use of such prisons; and when the Bastille was taken and destroyed in 1789, it was found to be almost empty, the few prisoners which it still contained being either mad or utterly friendless persons, to whom release was no boon. The present treatment of convicts in France is very similar to our own, except that transportation is still in use, the worst class of criminals being deported to New Caledonia.

"GOOD SPIRITS."—The victims of disease do not sufficiently appreciate the value of "good spirits." They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospect that through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly short-sighted. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative, power of "good spirits."

Grains of Gold.

No man is rich who is not contented.

You will never repent of being patient and sober.

The world is his who can see through its pretensions.

Great pain and little gain makes a man soon weary.

The religion of some people consists in a set of motions.

Trials never weaken us. They only show us that we are weak.

Some people will sell their souls very cheap for immediate payment.

It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.

Count the day lost on which you have not tried to make somebody happy.

Until a man has been tried he will always have reason to be afraid of himself.

A good way to lose all that you have is to be in too much of a hurry to get rich.

Every one, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.

There is no evil which we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

There would not be so much harm in the giddy following the fashions, if somehow the wise could always set them.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave; the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.

Our desires always increase with our possessions. The knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

Femininities.

A 13-year-old girl living near Darlington, Ind., weighs 217 pounds.

A room in the Hahnemann Hospital of New York city, is fitted up for sick saleswomen.

Ten pairs of twins are said to have been born to the wife of a resident of Tompkins, N. Y.

Seven widows of Revolutionary soldiers are on the rolls of the Knoxville, Tenn., pension office.

A poem going the rounds of the press is entitled, "A Cure for Love." Bosh! Who wants a cure for love?

Governess: "What is the future of the verb 'to love,' Mary?" Pupil, after a pause: "To marry, Miss Jones."

The women of Norway, while driving their pigs to market on a very hot day, protect them with umbrellas.

Girls are but weak creatures, but the most ethereal of them can throw a man over with the greatest of ease.

Women are said to be employed in some of the brickyards at Springwells, Mich. They dig in pits and carry the molds.

The caterpillar is here again, and the summer girl will meet the supreme test as to whether or not she is worthy of her suspenders.

Because she was unable to get a carpenter to do it, an enterprising Auburn, Mo., woman shingled the roof of her house herself a few days ago.

The choice of an ancient Athenian citizen was limited to Athenian women. An Athenian woman was likewise not allowed to marry a foreigner.

Miss Ray Beveridge, lady blacksmith, will set up and operate a small forge in the California building at the World's Fair, making artistic wrought-iron work.

Choosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you don't understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

Women may be more curious than men, but we have never heard of a woman who soiled either her hands or gloves in trying to find out whether it was dry or not on seeing the sign of "Paint."

Mrs. Fogg: "I'm sure I never saw a woman who thought so much of her husband as Mrs. Pidgin does. She really thinks there never was such another." Fogg: "Reckon she's right. It was her only chance."

Jeweled corset hooks are being worn in Paris, and they are intended to be fastened on brocaded stays. They are pretty enough for fanholders, but their duty is to prevent the under skirts from riding up round the waist.

Mrs. Bagley, dropping into a chair and throwing off her bonnet: "We had such a lovely time at the conversazione this afternoon. One of the members has separated from her husband." Mr. Bagley: "Well?" "And she was not present."

"Yes, the ceremony has been performed, and John and Mary are one." "Indeed! Which one?" "Well," replied the father of the bride, "from what I know of Mary's mother, I should say—but, ah! here she comes."

Ladies in England with valuable jewels are following the pretty custom instituted by the Queen, of wearing the key of the jewel box on a bangle or curb bracelet on the wrist. These keys are made very ornamental, with enamel and chasing, and sometimes with precious stones.

Although they are very fashionable just now, few women look well in stripes or checks, as a rule. A short woman is said to look taller in stripes, and checks are supposed to reduce height; but with the perversity of human nature, a giantess will choose an aspiring stripe, and a dwarf a flashy check of the most pronounced order.

It is now 300 years since Rebecca Nurse was hanged at Salem, Mass., on account of her religious convictions and because she would not confess to being a witch. Her descendants have just unveiled a memorial tablet in honor of the 30 persons who maintained the innocence of this New England martyr before the court which condemned her.

"I hope, Jennie, that you have given the matter serious consideration," said a lady to a servant-girl who had "given notice" because she was to be married. "Oh, I have, ma'am," was the earnest reply. "I've been to two fortune-tellers, and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to one of these astrologers, and to a meejum, and they all say to go ahead, ma'am. I ain't one to marry reckless-like, ma'am."

A young lady was speaking to a friend who had called upon her regarding a trait characteristic of her mother, who always had a good word to say of every one. "Why," she declared, "I believe if Satan were under discussion mother would have a good word to say for him." Just then the mother entered, and was informed of what the daughter had said, whereupon she quietly said, "Well, my dear, I think we might all imitate Satan's perseverance."

Masculinities.

We pardon familiar vices.

It is said that Spain has had 194 Ministers of War during the present century.

The latest fad in Crisfield, Md., is to take your girl out riding in a baby carriage.

A man will sometimes fight for his dog when he wouldn't turn his hand over for his wife.

Before you go boasting that you have been bad, be sure that you have got entirely over it.

The only way to keep the boys out of the gutters and mud puddles is to dress them in old clothes.

When two men put their heads together, it is for mutual advantage; but it isn't so with goats.

Charles Haber, 14 years old, died recently in the Reform School at Jamesburg, N. J., of a broken heart.

A Maryland widow set a bear trap and caught a young man. This will probably cause a boom in bear traps.

Never ask an idle man to do anything for you. It is only the busy man who can find time to do anything more.

It is sometimes easier for a man to complete a round of pleasure than it is for him to make things square afterwards.

For a wife to get religion so that she never slams the door any more will hit her husband harder than a dozen sermons.

It doesn't help a man much at home to shout in church, if he makes his wife get up and kindle a fire the next morning.

Competency is a sort of financial horizon which recedes as we advance. The word always signifies a little more than we possess.

Perhaps the time when a woman most feels that she is the full equal of any man is when she has begun to feel at home on a bicycle.

The latest "true story" is that a bolt of lightning drew all the nails from a man's shoes in a Connecticut town without hurting him.

The clergyman wastes his breath who talks of the happiness of the world to come to a youth who has just received his first love-letter.

Women are said to be working their way into the watch business, because they produce handsomer faces and more delicate hands than men.

Take a glass of ginger ale and squeeze a little lemon juice into it, and you have an ideal summer drink. It not only cools you, but keeps you cool.

A man in Chicago wore a card with the word "Yes" on during a recent hot spell, and, in consequence, no one asked him if it was hot enough for him.

"I'm going to write a book on 'How to Live on Nothing a Year.'" "It can't be done." "It can; I have a receipt." "What is it?" "Marry a rich girl."

A pessimist declares that the pleasure of a vacation consists in thinking beforehand what a fine time you are going to have, and in reflecting afterward how much worse a time you might have had.

A Belfast, Me., philanthropist takes great pleasure in lending ambitious young boys small sums of money with which to go into business on a small scale. He says that he rarely fails to get his money back.

There was a strange burial in Rondout, N. Y., lately—that of an amputated foot, in the consecrated ground of St. Mary's Cemetery. The owner of the foot expects the rest of her body to be buried in the same ground.

Lady, to gentleman who has just fallen down stairs: "Good heavens, how it frightened me! I thought it was my husband who fell down." Gentleman: "I wish to goodness it had been. I am as much disappointed as you are."

A young man residing at Laville, Fla., has suffered a strange affliction within a few months from a spinal trouble. He was formerly 5 feet 11 inches tall, but is now only 4 feet 7 inches high, and much changed in appearance.

Henry Burnham, who calls himself Henry Barry, a one-armed temperance lecturer, was to have lectured on temperance at Fair Haven, Conn., on a recent evening. But at the time he was to have spoken he was arrested in an intoxicated condition and sentenced to 30 days.

The principal feature of a lately introduced shirt is that there are no buttons, only studs, and it is donned like an ordinary waistcoat, thus obviating the irritating process of lifting the shirt over the head and thus disarranging the hair of the head and spoiling the shirt front.

The ride of Lady Godiva through the streets of the city of Coventry, England, was revived lately after a lapse of five years. According to Tennyson the original Godiva "rode on, all clothed in chastity." Peeping Toms were not barred on this latest occasion, however, as her representative this year added tights to the original costume.

An Angel Unawares.

BY T. L. I.

I'VE got such a nice place, mother; both Mr. and Mrs. Glover are really kind good-natured people," said winsome Annie Seafield, one bright summer's morning, as she began taking off her neat black bonnet and crape-trimmed dress, that spoke so silently but eloquently of a recent bereavement in the little family.

"I never thought the day would come when you would be compelled to go out and serve others," replied her widowed mother querulously. "If your poor father was not dead and gone, I could almost—"

"Hush, mother dear!" the girl said pleadingly. "Poor father did everything for the best; he got into the hands of bad designing men, and was taken from us before he could remedy his mistake."

"You are right, dear," sighed the poor widow sadly; "but lying here a kind of drag upon you, makes me say things that I know are wrong. Have you written for your sister Susan?"

"Yes, mother, and she will be here tomorrow afternoon by three o'clock, so you won't be left a moment alone. But come, cheer up; here is a nice cup of beef-tea, and Mrs. Glover kindly sent you these new-laid eggs; the last barmaid they had, robbed them dreadfully, and poor Mrs. Glover is quite knocked up with the work, having had to discharge her at a moment's notice."

"Thank Heaven! you have got into good hands, my child," she said gratefully. "You deserve to do well, and will, too, I feel sure."

Annie Seafield was installed in her situation, and was as happy and cheerful as a good honest English girl could well be, a favorite with the customers, and the good-natured landlord and landlady, who knew they had got a prize, and, consequently, did not feel too well pleased when they learnt that their rara avis was engaged to be married to a young man, who once a week made his appearance in the bar, with a choice flower for his fiancee.

"It's always the case," grumbled Mrs. Glover. "As soon as one gets a nice girl that one could learn to love, some young jackanapes comes and walks her off clean, with neither by nor with your leave."

"Well, my dear," said her husband, "I don't think we asked any one's consent when we were courting—eh?"

This allusion to their youth brought a beaming smile on the kind matronly face, and what was better still, a welcome to Harry Crawford when he made his usual Sunday morning visit to the pretty barmaid.

"What a poor old gentleman he looks; quite shrivelled up with the cold. I'll just run into the parlor and put some more coals on," thought Annie, as she noted the bent shabby figure of an aged man passing into the coffee-room.

"Good afternoon, sir. Very cold, isn't it?" said Annie cheerily, as she poked the fire, and made a bright blaze. "What can I get you?"

The old gentleman looked up curiously, and scanned the pretty face, and was evidently surprised and pleased, as he replied:

"A glass of brandy-and-water—I mean hot water, not cold."

"You may depend upon having it hot," she said politely, as she placed a comfortable cushioned chair by the side of the fire.

"Well, this is a complete anomaly," he murmured. "Here I come to a quiet-looking tavern, and find a pretty good-natured barmaid, who does not think it infra dig. to attend to an old man's comforts herself. Well, well, this is a strange world!"

His further reflections were cut short by Annie, who entered laden with a waiter, with a steaming jug of water, brandy, and glasses.

"I should like a chop," said the old gentleman, as she was about to leave the room. "Can I have one? Mind, it must be done on the gridiron."

"Certainly, sir," replied the girl. "I will order it at once."

"Mind, I am very particular, and can't eat a morsel of fat," he added.

"What a funny old man he is!" she murmured. "I fear he is very poor; his coat looks green, as if he had worn it for twenty years or more. I'll get cook to grill the largest chop in the larder, and put threepence in the till. I sha'n't miss it. If dear father had lived he might have been poor like him."

"That was a very nice chop, miss," said the old fellow, when he rang to pay the bill, "how much?"

A little blush stole over her face as she told him her charge, which was threepence less than the modest tariff of the house.

"I shall come again," he said, chuckling with evident pleasure; "it is not only nice, but cheap. But before you run away, will you answer me one question?"

"Yes, sir, with pleasure if I can."

"How is it that you come out of your bar to wait on an old fogey like me, when there's a lazy beggar of a waiter loafing about out there?"

"Well, sir," she replied rather confusedly, "I thought I might make you more comfortable, and, besides, this is my resting-hour; Mrs. Glover takes the bar then."

"And your well-earned hour you have wasted on an old man! My child, remember what I say: no kind action of that sort ever goes unrewarded, and accept an old man's thanks and gratitude—it's all I have to give;" this as he buttoned up his shabby old coat and shambled out.

"Well, he is a funny old gentleman!" she said to herself, as she tripped upstairs to change her dress. "I wonder if he will really come again. Well, if it makes his life less dreary, I hope he will."

She need not have worried about her visitor, for he came as regular as the clock ever day, and Mrs. Glover had given him the name of "Annie's ancient admirer."

Many were the jokes levied on the good-natured girl by the servants, when she gave the usual order—a very lean chump-chop done well.

But they were all much attached to the gentle girl, and would have done anything to serve her, but the spirit of fun would possess them at times.

She took no heed, and still waited on the old gentleman, who had even gone so far as to give her his name and taken hers in exchange.

"You see, my dear," he said one day, when he has been a constant visitor for about three months, and the winter was giving way to spring, "it's only right that people who meet everyday should ask each other's name. Now mine is Hardy—William Hardy, and yours is Annie; but I want to know your surname as well."

"My name in full is Annie Seafield, sir."

"And a very good name too, my dear. Well, perhaps you won't forgot mine if you should ever hear it—eh?"

"No; I should not indeed, because it is a name I can never forget."

"Why?" he exclaimed sharply.

"Because Hardy was the name of Nelson's dearest friend, who caught him when he had received his death-wound."

"Capital! Why, you are well up in the naval history of your country. You have been well educated from what I can see. You were not brought up for this position, I fancy. Deserve something better. Who knows? perhaps some day you may be able to hold your own yet, my child."

"I am very contended, sir, in the position Heaven has thought fit to place me. But, still, you are quite right. I was born in different circumstances. My father was a large hotel-proprietor in Southhampton, and through over-speculation, and bad men, died in poverty."

"I thought as much," he returned dryly. "The old story, 'A fool and his money——' A starving family left to battle with a cold, grasping world."

"I am contented," she said cheerfully. "Everybody is good to me."

"Stuff and nonsense!" he murmured. "Nobody's good in this selfish world but yourself. I've had a good spell, considering the years I have been in it. Everybody has interested motives. People are what you call kind to you because you are necessary to them. You become ill or crippled, and then see what kindness you will get from the world."

"I should not like to think that," she said softly, looking with a wealth of pity into the hard old face. "I feel sure there are kind hearts in the world if you will only believe in them. Life would be worthless to me if I thought as you do."

"Wait till you have lived to three-score and nearly ten," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "and see the hollowness of friendship, and the selfish greed of all who will fawn upon you as long as you possess a sovereign in your pocket."

"Even then I would still hope to find a true friend," she said earnestly.

"You are a good girl, and have got one—ah, as true as steel. Remember my words, child, when I tell you that you have made me human again, and caused me to believe in my fellow creatures, whom I had cast out of my heart and life."

Annie Seafield never forgot that strange conversation, though they met several times after it; but he became very reticent, speaking less as his steps became more feeble.

"Poor old dear!" she murmured, "I fear he is not long for the world," as she watched him pass the window after his frugal dinner. "I wonder where he lives? Not far, I hope; he seems so weak."

The next day came, but no old gentleman, and Annie felt quite dull and distrait. In vain, she placed a dish of flowers on the table, and shook the cushion of the chair as a welcome. The kindly old face never came to smile his thanks, and she went about her duties with a saddened heart, for there was that inward presentiment fixed in her mind that the comfortable armchair would see its occupant no more, the bright fresh flowers be placed in vain.

"So you have lost your old friend at last" said Mr. Glover, as he saw the wistful face looking yearningly out of the window. "Well, you mustn't look so sad, my lass; the old must go, you know; come, have a glass of wine, and cheer up."

"I was thinking how lonely he was, and that he might be ill and have no one to attend to him. He was not very well off either, I fancy."

"That's where I think you are mistaken, Annie," he said reassuringly; "for one day when you were called away, and I took the money for his chop, I saw a roll of crisp bank-notes—there's no mistaking them. 'So you are a bit of a miser,' I thought, and no doubt he was, and I must say of all people I dislike them the most, so I think your sympathy is thrown away upon such an old curmudgeon."

Days passed, and the old man was almost forgotten, when a large blue legal-looking letter came from a well-known firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, addressed to Miss Annie Seafield.

"Surely there must be some mistake," she said tremulously: it cannot mean me. Twenty thousand a year! Oh no; I have done nothing to deserve it."

"It is true, child," said the worthy landlord, as he read the contents. "I congratulate you, and hope you will live long to enjoy this piece of good fortune, for you deserve it."

"I little thought, Annie," put in Mrs. Glover, "that your ancient admirer would turn out a millionaire," as she folded the girl in her kind motherly arms.

The only person who seemed sorry for this unexpected accession of Annie to opulence, was Harry Crawford, but she soon convinced him that her heart was still unchanged towards him, and her kisses, if anything, were warmer than ever.

One condition to the will was that she should assumes the name of Hardy, also her husband, if she married.

Annie Seafield never had cause to regret having entertained An Angel Unawares.

ONE of the most interesting features of the new telephone communication between Paris and London is the sound-proof box, or chamber employed for speaking in. All sorts of experiments have been made to discover the materials out of which such a box might be constructed.

Sheet lead and doe hair have been the materials ultimately employed, and a person using the telephone steps into a little sort of padded sentry-box, the door of which is edged with india-rubber. When this closes upon him he is hermetically sealed, and might rave himself hoarse without conveying the faintest sound to anyone outside. There is a pane of glass in the door, so that the officer in charge can see the inmate of the box, though unable to hear him.

On stepping in, the interior of the little cupboard is in darkness, but the telephoner by sitting down on the seat establishes connection, and an arc light instantly blazes out until he rises again, when it goes out until the next comer takes his seat.

A MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

CONSTANTINE MAKOFFSKY stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition 1883, and is one of the celebrated pictures of the century. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are merrily welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised to drink her health and happiness when the bridegroom shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her, is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with love and admiration as she unveils the bride. All the assembly manifest the utmost pleasure and interest in the event.

This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

THIS PICTURE IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS HAS THE APPEARANCE OF AN OIL PAINTING, AND IS THE HANDSOMEST EVER GIVEN AS A PREMIUM, AND WE OFFER IT FREE OF CHARGE TO EVERY OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

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The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon affect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

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BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

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SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Lost Heiress," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, has just been published in "Petersons' New Twenty-five Cent Series" of choice fiction.

A novel that has a special interest just now is "A Maiden of Mars," by General F. M. Clarke. It is a strange weird story in which the planet named plays a part, and is marked by much power and invention. Published by C. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for September as usual is filled with the very best of reading matter, including stories, poetry, household, fashion, etc. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

"The Quiver" for September is out, and like every issue of this excellent family magazine is filled with fine matter and equally fine illustrations. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

"The English Illustrated Magazine" for September is the most popular in character of all the English publications of this kind. Its various contents, enriched by high art pictures, are as intertaining as they are valuable. Macmillan & Co., New York.

"The Magazine of Art" for September is one of the best numbers of this splendid work yet issued. Each number is embellished by a full page etching that in itself is worth ten times the price of the magazine. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for September contains as usual a number of invaluable articles, many finely illustrated, on the very foremost aspects of the leading scientific movements and questions of the day. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

He Could Safely Wear the Watch.—A good story is told of a French advocate, who had made it a rule never to take up a case in which he did not thoroughly believe. One day he chanced to be entertaining a distinguished company at dinner, when he was informed that a client urgently requested an interview. It turned out to be a man whose acquittal of stealing a watch he had that morning procured.

Appearances had been strongly against the prisoner, who, it was thought, had been not a little assisted by the character of his counsel. Doubtless the poor fellow was impatient to express his gratitude, and an audience was not unwillingly accorded.

He looked somewhat abashed at the presence of the guests; but, reassured at the kindly tone of the host, began:

"Monsieur, it is about that watch."

"Yes, my friend; I congratulate you on the triumphant vindication of your innocence."

"Then the trial is quite over?"

"Why, of course!"

"And I can't be tried again?"

"Certainly not!"

"They can do nothing more to me?"

"How could they?"

"Then I may safely wear the watch," said the fellow, as he pulled the stolen article from some mysterious recess of his coat and walked off in triumph, leaving the astounded lawyer to the merciless raillery of his guests.

Somewhat Interested.—One afternoon a stranger, observing a stream of people entering a church, approached a man of gloomy aspect, who was standing near the entrance, and asked: "Is this a funeral?" "Funeral! no," was the sepulchral answer, "it's a wedding." "Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought from your serious look that you might be a hired mourner." "No," returned the man, with a weary, far-off look in his eyes. "I'm a son-in-law of the bride's mother."

Envious young man, speaking of favored rival: "Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably conceited." Sharp young lady: "But, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever would you not be conceited?" A few moments' reflection, followed by total collapse of Dumley.

Neither can we admit that definition of genius that some would propose,—"a power to accomplish all that we undertake;" for we might multiply examples to prove that this definition of genius contains more than the thing defined. Cicero failed in poetry, Pope in painting, Addison in oratory; yet it would be harsh to deny genius to these men.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The Island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

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These are my portraits, and on account of the fraudulent air pumps, "wafers," etc., offered for development, I will tell any lady FREE what I used to secure these changes. HEALTH (cure of that "tired" feeling and all female diseases) Superb FORM, Brilliant EYES and perfectly Pure COMPLEXION assured.
Will send sealed letter. Avoid advertising frauds. Name this paper, and address MRS. ELLA M. DENT, STATION B, San Francisco, Cal.

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Is a quick relief and reliable Cure for ASTHMA, HAY FEVER and CATARRH. I want every sufferer to know what this Remedy will do. Don't let this opportunity pass. (This ad. may not appear again). Send for Free Trial and Testimonials to
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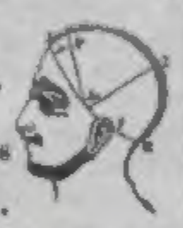

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.
Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.
Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.
MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER, Oak Lodge Thorpe, Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.
NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA, I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.
A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.
To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila. I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully, LEONARD MYERS, Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.
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A cure for Piles, External, Internal, Blind, Bleeding, and Itching, Chronic, Recent, or Hereditary. This remedy has positively never been known to fail. $1 a box, six for $5, by mail. A written guarantee given with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the $5 if not cured. Guarantee issued by FINNERTY, McCLURE & Co., Wholesale and Retail Agents, 106 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC ON THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Two Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral
Centennial Award, Medal and Diploma, against the world.
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PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3190, New York City, N.Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS. Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the FAIRHAVEN
WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

THE CYNICAL SAGE.

"Pray, what is faith?" I asked a hoary sage.
He, pondering long, this answer gave to me,
"From what it's used for, I am forced to think
That some quack nostrum it must surely be."

"And what is justice?" next I asked the sage.
He shrewdly smiled and tried his best to sigh;
"It's what all mortals from the courts should get,
But for some purses it comes rather high."

"And what is charity?" The sage replied,—
"A rosy glass men ask us to look through
Whene'er they stumble; but which they avoid
When other's failings are exposed to view."

"Truth?" "Truth's a virtue rare!" the sage exclaimed,
"Men love to find in what their fellows tell;
But often, when it suits their own designs,
They let truth lie in the historic well."

"And what is patience?" then I asked the sage.
A saintly goodness shone his visage thro',—
"It is, my son, the grace that helps me bear
Thus being bored by questioners like you."

—U. N. Nose.

A Sure Thing.

Adelaide: "Why are you sure he loves you?"

Madeleine: "Because he shows me the letters you write to him."

Kindred evils—Poor relations.

Back-yards — The trains of ladies' dresses.

Retired from the "service"—A broken teacup.

The first of the family circle—The wedding ring.

What is the most difficult train to catch?—The 12.50, because it is ten to one if you catch it.

"Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to use naughty words?" "No'm. I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."

"Just think, Mary, how terrible! The poor man was torn limb from limb." "Lor' bless us, Mrs. Brown, and man so scarce!"

"Pa," she called upstairs, "the clock in the hall isn't going." "Isn't isn't, eh?" he returned; "well, don't let that prevent Algernon."

There is a sign on an undertaker's establishment which reads: "The wants of the deceased attended to at prices which defy competition."

"I have fifteen clocks I'd like to sell you." "I don't buy stolen goods, sir." "But they weren't stolen, my dear sir. I was married last week."

Mrs. Keyboard: "Why do you always sit at the hotel piano? You can't play a note." Old Stokes: "Neither can any one else while I'm here."

Lady: "A gentleman called, you say? Did he leave any name?' Parlor maid: "Yes'm. I asked him his name, and he said it was 'Immaterial.'"

Lady of the house: "You say you haven't had anything to eat to-day?" Tramp: "Lady, if you believe me, the only thing I've swallowed to-day is insults."

"Have you any second-hand typewriters to sell?" asked the peddler. "No," replied the merchant, "but I've one I'll give away." "What's wrong with it?" "Chews gum, and spells dozen 'uzz.'"

Reporter: "How did your banquet go off, Bankrupt?" Bankrupt: "Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an eye, an ear and a leg to answer to the toast, 'Our Absent Members.'"

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the opera. "Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing-table?" said Mrs. S. "Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus; "what fangle have you women got now?" "I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away, and soon returned putting on her gloves. "Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids." "I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer." He took the hint.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Already something of the glory and freshness of the summer has departed, and the trees begin to grow rusty and dusty, and that means that all those invisible fairies who provide the new garments to make femininity bewitching are busily engaged. Fall bonnets come first of all, of course, and they are the funniest little things imaginable. Pretty, though. There is one style where one can scarcely call it anything but half a tin pan. The crown is round and flat and the rest is like the edge cut away, and there is a narrow

THE NEW FALL BONNETS.

ruching of black tulle all around the crown and the edge, and alternate stripes of velvet and silver embroidery. On the top are two black prince feathers and a close bow of silver gray ribbon and strings of the same. This makes a lovely bonnet, chaste and tasteful, but not becoming to everybody.

Another novelty has a plain saucer shape, with a ruching of black ribbon with a silver edge around it, beaded by beaded passementerie, which is continued up to the crown where the beading forms a rather close ornament. In front is a butterfly bow of lace with some dandelion puffs above it. Black grosgrain strings.

A bonnet for a young lady for theater or afternoon visit, or even for church, is a large jet star laid over a flat shape of gilt lace. There is a sprawling ornament of gold and jet set in the center of the star and a little choux of black and gold lace in front. Strings of gold colored ribbon fall from a small bow at the back and tie around the knot of hair, about the only way of keeping the bonnet on I fancy.

Another is of gilt straw, with a puckered brim and a mushroom crown, around which is tied a blue ribbon and above this topples a bunch of wild oats. It is a cute little bonnet.

I noticed several hats and bonnets having the tri-corne effect, which is very becoming to some faces, and some of them were made of serge, whipcord and other woolen material, so that they can match costumes if so desired. A little military gold braid goes into the garniture of each. Some are bound with narrow velvet and have a narrow gold cord as finish. Others have the points laced up with gold cord.

Next to bonnets in importance are the jackets and wraps, and those which are here given will probably be the favorite style for the season. The shape is quite long and snug fitting. One is of black diagonal, lined with silk and plain finished, not even a button showing. It is also made in cloth and cheviot, black or very dark blue. It buttons on the right side.

Another is a cutaway of whipcord in black, tailor bound on the edges, and with a velvet applique on the front lapels. The vest is of white cloth, with a regular shirt bosom and collar, with soft tie. This style was also shown in chocolate brown cloth and seal brown, with plain velvet faced collar and lapels.

Still another is a heavy blue diagonal, tailor stitched around the bottom and lined with black twilled surah, which also faces the revers. This jacket is arranged so that it can be thrown open or closed in double breasted style. The buttons are plain cloth tailor buttons to match the color of the cloth.

When worn open a lace and crape vest is a pretty and dressy addition. Many of the jackets are lined with bright colored or striped silk or satin, but the handsomest are lined with black surah.

The most of the jackets appear to fit the figure tightly, though there are some with loose fronts and some again with the ungainly English plait in the back—sack coats. There are to be also numbers of Russian blouses, but these never were and never can be truly elegant, and few ladies who get them feel satisfied with them after. Still some like them.

A novelty in bridal fans is of gauze, with the bride's future initials traced along one side in her favorite flower, and a view of her new home delicately painted in the centre.

The latest fancy is the Duchesse de Berry sleeve; very full and broad, broader than ever for evening wear, and set in at the shoulder on a level with that piece of one's anatomy, instead of being raised, and finished at the elbow with a flounce of lace.

Silk crepes, deeply crinkled like those of wool, Oriental foulards, and foulards with bright chintz figures, white satin striped India silks, with fruit or bail patterns, are among the novelties in summer materials.

The outside of some of the new pocketbooks represents more value than the inside. White ivory and white kid with silver or gold mountings, gray suede with a covering of woven steel, and lizard skin in dull green with gold filigree decoration are among the novelties. Heart-shaped purses are newest, and in every case the purses must match the costume.

Very pretty enamelled buckles for wearing with cotton gowns match the ribbon used for the belt in color and in wear. They are finished with silver.

A costume that will be of use all during the year has a skirt either of broadcloth or black silk, while to be worn with it is a a three quarter coat of dark blue, brown or moss-green velvet. With a bonnet to match, and gloves in harmony, one would be dressed for almost any time in such a toilet.

Two shades of yellow, yellow and black, or yellow and white, are combinations fancied in hats or bonnets by women who can wear this trying color.

A pretty arrangement in ties shows a stiff rosette of the same material fastened on one tie, so that when the ends are crossed and drawn to the back the small rosette is primly placed a little to one side of the face.

Dress sachets filled with violet orris impart the cleanliest perfume, a crescent one for the left under arm, an oblong one for the right side of the corsage, and a long, narrow roll for the back seam of the dress skirt, just below the waist.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Some one says a good dressing for leather is made of one quart of vinegar, two ounces of spermaceti oil, and six ounces each of molasses and ivory-black.

If you wish to give an extra touch to your cottage-pudding, after it is in the tin ready to bake, put little lumps of butter on the top and scatter sugar and cinnamon over it.

Lemon fritters with brandy sauce make an easily prepared dessert. The fritters should be made thus: Half a pint of milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; the lemon may be grated or chopped and be added to the batter, or they may be simply be flavored with the extract.

If your windows are narrow, or even if they are of the usual width, and you feel that you cannot afford double curtains, single ones may be draped so gracefully that they will answer admirably. They should not be looped back with ribbons, but be pinned or tacked back in several places. Begin to tack or pin back quite high, or you cannot prevent a drawing and awkward appearance lower down.

Any one who has never eaten the egg-plant is unaware that a new joy is added to life by this attractive and easily grown vegetable. It makes a side-dish of excellence, but it is particularly nice for supper, and may, in midsummer, take the place of fried oyster. It should be purchased or picked in the morning, and should be peeled and sliced, and laid in salted water, and kept under the water. The batter needs attention; and should be made of flour, milk, and an egg, with a little salt and pepper; dip the slices into this and fry a delicate brown in hot lard. Unless the plant is tough, five minutes' frying over a good fire is sufficient time to give it.

Vegetable dishes in silver from which the handle from the cover may be removed, making two perfect dishes, are not new, but very elegant and convenient, nevertheless.

Skewers for table service are a great aid to graceful carving. They have the head of bovine, sheep or fowl, are in silver and hold the meat firmly. The "skewer pull" is a strong loop and hook (also for table use), withdrawing the small skewers when they are in the way of the knife.

The new cream and sugar sets for serving berries are square, low and box shape, the bowl without cover and the pitcher with broad handle. They are peculiar and quaint, but ungraceful. It is, however, the latest design in cut glass.

The new silver ice tongs are more graceful in shape, have shorter handles, and consequently more convenient.

Every sort and kind of lamp had been presented for public convenience and admiration until the beauty and expense of them was surprising, and, seemingly, leaving nothing more to desire. However, the lovely standard candelabra (to take the place of piano lamps) are given a very flattering welcome. Some have wrought-iron, bronze or silver standards, while many of them are entirely made in porcelain. They are much more ornamental than lamps.

Quince Jam.—Pare the quinces, and boil in just enough water to cover them till they will break easily. Drain off the water carefully, and rub the fruit to a pulp with a spoon. To each pound add ten ounces of brown sugar; boil half an hour, stirring well, then pour into pots.

Lemon Jelly.—Take half a dozen large lemons, squeeze into a quart of water, into which dissolve, an ounce of gelatine, boil five minutes, strain and boil again. Add a pound of sugar, take up, stir in the beaten whites of two eggs, strain, pour in a mold and set on the ice.

Fried Liver.—Have the beef or sheep's liver cut in slices half an inch thick. Dip them into salted flour and put into hot lard in your skillet, with a small piece of breakfast bacon added. Fry brown quick on both sides, then add a little hot water, and cover close. Set upon the back part of the stove and cook slowly till well done, being careful to keep it from cooking hard. Take the liver out upon the platter; make a nice gravy and pour over it.

Fruit Cream.—Three oranges, three bananas, one pint of strawberries, one half can of apricots, one pint of cream, sugar to taste. Take the juice and pulp of the oranges, mash the bananas, berries and apricots, and rub through a hair or wire sieve. Add the cream and sugar to make up it quite sweet. Then freeze as usual.

Currant Biscuits.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one and one-half pounds of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one pound of currants. Beat the butter and sugar together; whisk the eggs, and add to it with the other ingredients. Roll the dough out in sheets, cut it into cakes, place them on tins, sift white sugar over the top and bake them in a moderate oven. The currants must first be picked, washed and dried, before they are put in the cakes.

Apple Pineakes.—Makes a good batter with four tablespoonfuls of flour, a little sugar, three eggs, and half a pint of milk, a little powdered cinnamon and a pinch of salt. Chop six moderate sized apples, very small, and mix them with the batter. Fry the pancakes the usual way. They require more care in turning than those without apples.

Fried Cod's Roe.—Parboil the roe in salt and water, with a little vinegar added to keep it firm. Cut it into thin slices, and dip each slice into a good batter. Fry the slice in hot butter or oil, till they are lightly browned. Drain them, and serve on a hot napkin garnished with slices of lemon and parsley. They must be served very hot.

Parsnip Cake.—Boil two or three parsnips till they are tender, mash them, and pass them through a colander, picking out all stringy bits and coarse pieces. Mix a teacupful of the smashed parsnip with a quart of hot milk, add a teaspoonful of salt, four ounces of fresh butter, half a pint of yeast, and enough flour to make it into a stiff batter. Put the bowl in a warm place, cover it with a cloth and let it rise. When it has swelled to twice its original size, knead some more flour into it and let it rise again. Make it into small cakes a quarter of an inch thick and place these on buttered tins. Let them stand before the fire for a few minutes and bake in a hot oven. The cakes should be eaten hot.

"A POUND of coal," said the professor, "contains energy equal in amount to the force expended by a man in doing a day's work." "Is the man supposed to be working for himself, or is he hired?" asked the thoughtful young man in the front seat.